Vol. VI DECEMBER 1925 No. 1

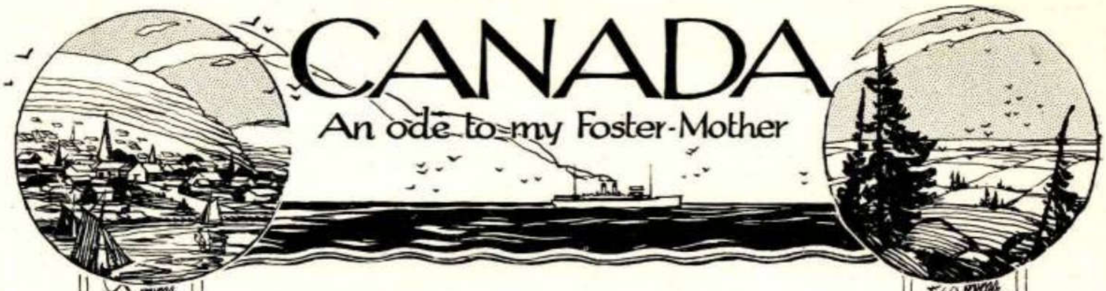
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Devoted to the interests of those who serve the Hudson's Bay Company

CANADA

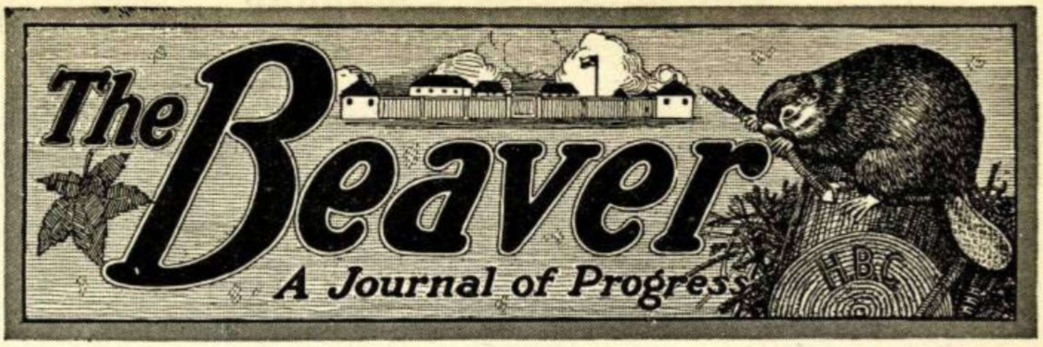
An ode to my Foster-Mother



My foster-mother! Ah, but I love her so!
No better mother could an orphan know.
When parent-land, that gave me brain and bone,
Set me afloat upon the Great Unknown—
Thrusting a sturdy offspring from the home
To make more room for children still to come—
Planted a dewy kiss, bade me depart,
And I, with anguish wringing in my heart,
Watched till my welling eyes could see no more
The spires, the hills, the fast-receding shore,
Where all I knew and cherished, loved, revered,
Swam in a cloud of mists and disappeared.
And then, with sinking hopes, I turned about
To view the West, my mad despair to flout.
Out there, where even's glory kissed the sea,
I saw my foster-mother beckon me.
Sweet mother-love was shining in her face;
Her outstretched arms called me to fond embrace.
She held me to her bosom, mother-wise,
While love for all that breathes drowsed in her eyes.
As mother to her babe unselfish gives,
And thus the babe draws sustenance and lives,
So, from the calm, strong confidence she stored,
A will to be, to do, upon me poured;
And what had passed—to me no longer dead—
But stepping stones to all that lay ahead.
She set my feet securely on the soil
And bade me work—for pleasure comes from toil.
The key to all her treasures thus she gave.
All that was hers, her foster-child could have:
Her virgin lands lay panting in the sun,
'Waiting the plough—the even furrows' run—
Seed-time and rain, sunshine and rain again,
And then the yellow harvest, golden grain;
Farther than eye could scan, all tinted red,
Like soldiers on parade, her orchards spread;
With all her teeming oceans, lakes and streams
To rouse the sluggard fisher from his dreams;
Vast forest-lands, where Adam timbers rise
To pierce the dome of opalescent skies,
Under whose panoply of fairy green
Life in a myriad forms has ever been.
Thus she unlocked her jewels to my view,
Bidding me choose, for there was work to do.
So might I work till barns could hold no more,
Till nets sagged heavy with the oceans' store,
And pines and firs, bent to the vaster plan,
Made of the wilderness a home for man.
So have the years gone by, in work and joy.
I still lay claim—my foster-mother's boy.
Ah, kindly Canada; haven across the sea!
Greatest of foster-mothers you will ever be.

—*Robert Watson.*

* * *



The Beaver
A Journal of Progress

Published quarterly by the Hudson's Bay Company for its employees; copyright No. 1, serial No. 10, January 22, 1924, by Hudson's Bay Company; subscription price for those not in the service, one dollar a year. Address communications to Robert Watson, Editor *The Beaver*, 79 Main St., Winnipeg, Canada.

Vol. VI DECEMBER 1925 No. 1

Emigration to Canada

Hudson's Bay Company Overseas Settlement Limited

By J. CHADWICK BROOKS

CANADA is a country of vast area with unlimited and comparatively unknown potentialities in agricultural, mineral and other natural resources. Her agricultural lands embody a richness and productivity of soil which have assured to the crops world-wide fame for both quality and quantity. The rocky formations in many districts hide untold wealth of precious metal, coal, petroleum and many other minerals representing valuable commercial propositions. Canada's vast forests are well stocked with timber unsurpassed in any other country, and her waters abound in fish, and provide also unlimited power for the development of electricity. Even the isolated and icebound northern plains contribute their quota of natural wealth in the countless numbers of fur-bearing and other animals, whose pelts and skins find a remunerative market.

And yet this vast area, possessing such valuable natural resources, and extending over 3000 miles from east to west and as many more miles from north to south, has only a population of about nine millions, which is about equal to the population of Greater London. Canada's greatest need to-day is more population.

Agriculture will remain the economic basis of this comparatively undeveloped country, and increased agricultural population is essential.

Numerous organizations have supplemented the activities of the Dominion government in encouraging increased immigration into Canada, and when the outbreak of the Great War astonished the civilized world in 1914, immigration had increased to something like 400,000 a year. Following the disruption caused by the war, immigration decreased, and with a view to assisting in developing the work of immigration and settlement in Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company, whose history is synonymous with that of Canada, has established, in partnership with the Cunard Steamship Company, a new organization with the designation "Hudson's Bay Company Overseas Settlement Limited."

The head office is situate at No. 1 Charing Cross, London, and from that centre will be controlled and operated an efficient European organization to select and transport to Canada the most desirable type of settler. The Canadian office has been established alongside the Land Department office of the Hudson's Bay Company, at 93 Main Street, Winnipeg, and these two offices will co-operate in the arrangements for receiving, welcoming and settling the immigrants on agricultural lands, not necessarily the Hudson's Bay Company's lands, but on lands which are the most desirable and suitable for the individual settler.

Financial assistance may be afforded in specific cases, and the staff of the Hudson's Bay Company Overseas Settlement Limited will supervise the initial activities of the new settlers, also giving advice and assistance in connection with farming operations. Advantage will also be taken of the many agencies in Canada established by the government, the churches, boards of trade, social clubs, private residents and others, for the express purpose of offering a hearty welcome to all newcomers and rendering practical assistance in the work of satisfactory and comfortable settlement. These agencies are actuated by intense patriotism and goodwill towards immigrants, regardless of nationality, religion, creed or social distinction, and a generous helping hand is extended to the new settler in a strange land.

The Dominion of Canada is one of the brightest stars in the firmament of the British Empire. The old British stock is perpetuated and represented in the descendants of those hardy pioneers who laid the foundations of Canada's progress and development, and the ties of kith and kin on both sides of the Atlantic should be strengthened and bound more and more closely by a steady influx of new settlers from the Old Country.

England suffers from over-population and consequent unemployment, which engenders much unrest.

The dislocation of trade and commerce owing to the Great War increased the ranks of the unemployed to a greater extent than ever before in history, and great distress has since prevailed. This necessitated the introduction by the British government of financial assistance for the unemployed, which is now generally known as the "dole."

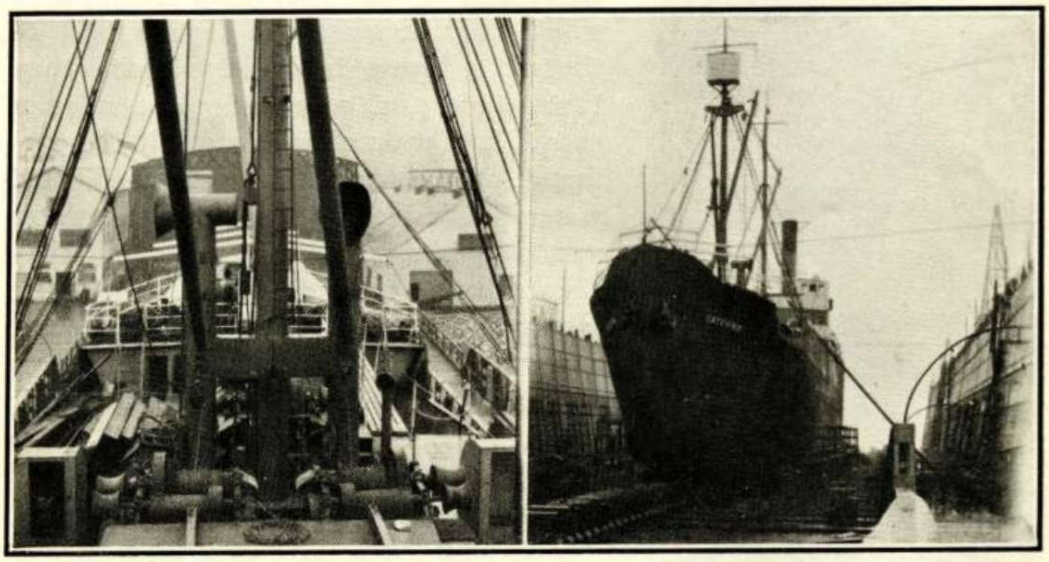
It is to these unemployed that the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company Overseas Settlement Limited should be especially directed, and attention drawn to the attractive possibilities awaiting them in Canada, towards the attainment of which the Canadian and British governments offer considerable inducement and financial assistance. Comparatively little advantage is taken of this offer.

The ultimate effect of the "dole" can only mean stultification of ambition and produce a lethargy of mind and body inimical to the individual, to the nation and to the Empire.

Canada offers wonderful opportunities for creative work on virgin soil, which bring not only adequate financial returns but also a satisfaction and contentment of mind which cannot be assessed in terms of pounds or dollars.

Education in the Old Country has been extended and developed freely and to such a degree that all classes should be able to understand sufficient of philosophy to appreciate the joy and contentment of mind which arise from a state of "something attempted, something done." Rather than continue an existence in congested areas on a miserable pittance barely enough to maintain the body, to say nothing of the soul, and overwhelmed with anxiety at the hopeless future for one's family, is it not a "far better thing" to breathe the glorious pure air which abounds in Canada, a land with an established present and an assured future, where everyone has equal rights and opportunities and can acquire a real home amidst desirable lands of their own? The fruits of one's labour are evident day by day, and eventually one can survey with justifiable pride, the full consummation, which affords comfort and contentment in the present, assures adequate provision for the future, and provides a glorious heritage for the children. Is it necessary to emphasize the comparison with the conditions left by the unemployed in the Old Country?

No mistake, however, must be made; this desirable state in Canada cannot be attained except by application, perseverance and *hard work*; but no reward for such efforts could be greater than that which awaits the new settler in Canada, in the shape of material benefits and the satisfaction and contentment of mind following successful achievement, an achievement which will have contributed towards the development of personal and national character, the progress of the Dominion of Canada and the consolidation of the British Empire.



H.B.C. Baychimo in Vancouver Dock—1925

Christmas in Pre-War Russia

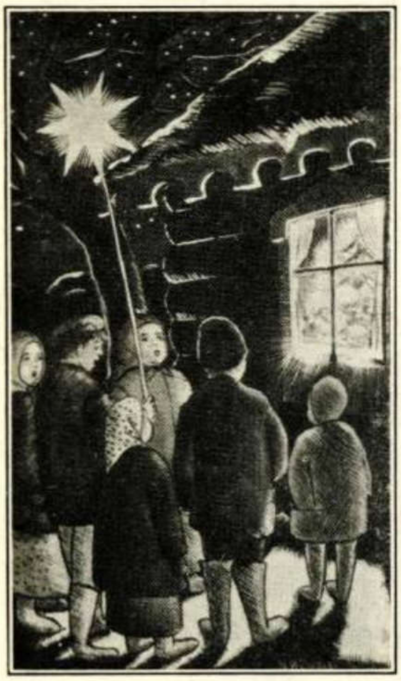
By S. HOPFENKOPF, London, England

THE days before Christmas are busy, restless days. The women in every household are washing the floors and cleaning everything. From early morning hours, the kitchen stove is as hot as hot can be; one can see the fire embracing and licking the logs. The cook is preparing a goose and talking with other women; tomorrow is the great holiday. The women have to work till morning, and the men go to the public baths.

That is a night unlike any other nights. The stars are shining brighter than ever and the sleep is not the same as usual. Quietly burns the light in front of the ikon and behind the windows is the frost, the bitter, grim frost! The cold wind is searching everywhere, knocking the wall of the house, rattling the gates and shaking the snow from the trees and frightening the sleeping birds.

Children are running in the streets. The snow is scrunching under their feet. They are rubbing their noses, and one of them is holding a big paper star in his hands. They will sing Christmas carols and wait for a reward, wishing you a happy Christmas.

Christmas time is an exciting time for young girls. They want to know what awaits them in the coming year. They assemble therefore in a room dimly lighted by a candle, ten or twelve of them, each girl taking a handful of grain and putting it in front of her. All of them sit on the floor in a circle and a cock is brought into the room. The girl whose grain the cock picks first will get married in the coming year. Sometimes they go outdoors and ask the name of the first man they meet, which they presume will be the name of the girl's future husband. Again, they take a piece of wax and place it in a spoon, heat it on a candle until it becomes liquid, then they throw it into cold water. The wax gets solid in the water and acquires a peculiar shape. They then take it near the wall and read their fortunes by the shape of the dancing shadows.

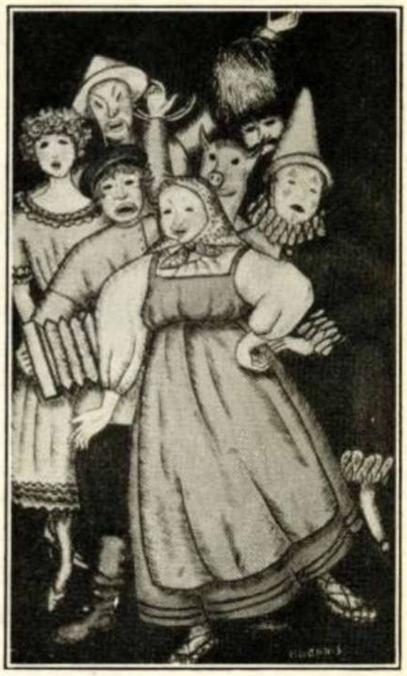


Christmas time is full of romantic mystery and expectation. It is also the time of pleasures, presents and Christmas trees for the little ones.

The old and serious people go to church and listen to the wonderfully joyous choirs. The young people go about in large companies, light-hearted and gay, decked out in fancy dresses, visiting one house after another and making a great deal of noise everywhere—singing, dancing and mystifying their friends.

In the churches, in the streets and houses, in town as well as in the country villages, it is a holy fortnight, full of joy and laughter, songs and dancing, and the old white frost is making himself known at every door and window, cheering up everybody with his brisk and bright breath.

It is Christmas, the bells of the churches fill the air with joyous clamour, the sun shines on the bright snow, the whole world rejoices and there is no room for sorrow and tears.



The Babe of the Gleaming

By DAVID HOWARTH

I

In the hush of the stars
The low night-breath is sighing,
And plaintive the lamb
To the gentle ewe crying;
Soft fleece of the clouds
'Neath the pale moon is flying—
The flocks lie at rest on the hills!

II

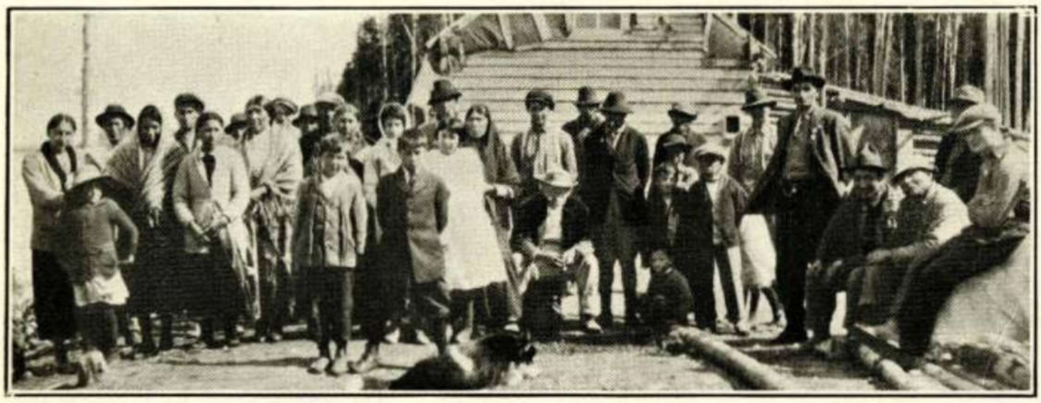
Enfolded with the star-mist,
The brown earth is sleeping;
The shepherds their vigil
Are patiently keeping;
When, lo! On the mountain
Strange white light is creeping—
Glory is flooding the skies!

III

Hark! Down on the fold
Falls a magical singing!
The song of the seraphim,
Melody winging;
A voice through the sky-burst
Is wondrously ringing—
The Babe with His Mother lies!

IV

O, Babe on the bosom
Of Mary now dreaming!
Whence cometh this blessedness
Forth from Thee streaming?
Already Thou fillest
The wilds with Thy gleaming—
Thy peace broodeth over the Night!



The Good Old Days

By S. R. ISERHOFF, Ogoki Post, Lake Huron District
(H.B.C. gold medal and two bars).

(The following extracts have been made from an amusing and informative letter received from Mr. Iserhoff.—Ed.)

I AM not a writer, but more of a worker, and a self-made man so far as learning is concerned. There were six of a family of us via John Iserhoff, of which only three survive; namely, John, Charles and myself; the rest being dead. Being the youngest, I was only about six months old when my father died, and after that I was left entirely to the care and resorts of my mother, a responsibility which she successfully carried out till I became big and strong enough to paddle my own canoe in the walk of hitching a living.

In the year 1881 Angus McLeod, the then post manager of Woswonaby post, died and was succeeded by W. B. Wilson, who took me on to work in the service in the capacity of cook for him for the winter at five dollars per month, for which I had to cook fish and potatoes three times per day. Besides cooking, my duties were to cut fuel and carry water for the kitchen, also I had to scrub the kitchen and attend to fishing nets every morning in the summer time. In March 1882, one of the servants met with a sad misfortune through the effects of a bite from a pickerel when taking the fish from a net, which resulted in his death, his name being Alexander Moore. I then became a regular servant, replacing Moore. My duties were to do all outside work, and the temperatures would range from forty to fifty below zero. Gee! this used to be some job! One could not refrain from putting your hands in your mouth for the sake of warmth and from letting out an oath once in a while over the job.

I was recommended to be taken into the service on a five years' contract as an apprentice labourer at a salary of ten pounds sterling per annum, with a gratuity of ten pounds sugar, a few pounds of tea, my age being then sixteen years, A.D. 1882. These were the good old joyous and profitable days for the Company.

When anybody got married, the bride and groom went all round the village to introduce themselves to every living soul, inviting them to the wedding feast; and those getting married would be full of pleasant smiles on their countenances to let the others see that they had reached the happiest stage in their lives here in the land of Indians and furs.

When the brigade arrived home, it was a red-letter day and was celebrated with feasting and dancing. There would be a hearty welcome home, with affectionate, heart-felt kisses and some crying for mere joy.

In one of the buildings the dance would be started by what they used to call the straight dance. Another dance that used to be on the go was the eight-some reel—hooking one another and swinging. In the duck dance a whole regiment could dance, providing there was lots of room. Then would follow the rabbit dance.

The thrashing dance was interesting too. When all was ready and the tune started, the men would reel round and catch hold of one another by the right hand, holding cross-hand fashion, then circling first one way then another, the women standing looking on in their respective places. All of a sudden the women are got hold of by the men partners and held by the waists or necks and marched away with, when they are thrown inside of the ring to undergo the same performance as the men had done.

The rounding-up dance would come next, known as the kissing dance, and started by first dancing a Black Jack style with a handerchief put cross-fashion on the floor. The dancer dances over and round the handkerchief by use of the Black Jack and highland fling steps till he makes himself sweat with the performance, when the others are setting and looking on, when all of a sudden the dancer hooks up one of the handerchiefs by use of his feet, from off the floor, tosses it up level with the men's height and catches it in his hand. Then he goes dancing round the ballroom, waving the handerchief in both hands, eyeing round the hall looking for the best-looking girl in the place; and when he has fixed his eye on one he walks up to her and kisses her, puts the handerchief round her neck and leaves it there, when she takes it in her hands and starts to dance, waving it in both hands, going round the room eyeing for the best-looking man. When she eyes one she walks up to him, put the handerchief round his neck and kisses him. And so on like this till the whole of the dancers are kissed up, finishing with the fiddler and drummer. This process is carried on till they are reduced to four dancers, two women and two men. These four dance the straight reel and finish by kissing each their partners. When this is done the dance is finished for the night, when all retire and make for home.

❧

She married her husband for his brute strength, his high regard for women in general, his gift of repartee, his impetuosity, his willingness to sacrifice all for ideals. Later on she divorced him for the same reasons.

The Successful Appeal

ONE day not long ago, while waiting for a street car, I noticed a particularly attractive window display in a store in the downtown retail district. The thing that attracted me most, however, and what occupied the centre of the display was the most beautiful chess set that I have ever seen. Now, I play chess. I like the game and take pride in knowing a few of its fundamentals. Hence my interest.

I studied the display for a moment and then turned away—disappointed. The person who had set up that set knew little or nothing about chess and its principles. He only knew that a chess board and a checker board were identical, and, using this knowledge to what he thought good advantage, he proceeded to fashion the display. The chess men were placed on the board in the same manner that one would place the checkers, viz., a man on every other square. This, of course, gave him room for twelve men only; but, undaunted by the extra pieces, the would-be artist carried on. The result was funny. The white was short four pawns, while the king and queen occupied positions that were far removed from their intended squares. The black was likewise crippled, only more so. Two pawns, a knight and a bishop, were absent, and the arrangement of the remaining men showed the same ignorance of that ancient and honourable game.

I pointed out the mistake to a man standing next to me and he made the pertinent remark that "it didn't make any difference—only chess players would notice that."

He was right. Only chess players would notice that glaring fault, and yet that was exactly what the set was in the window for—to attract chess players. The card players and domino fans could find their favourite instruments of recreation elsewhere in the window, but that particular spot was reserved for chess players.

I wonder how many chess players looked at that set, and I wonder what impression they received when they looked at that miserable display! The store lost considerable prestige, I am sure, at least with chess players. Now, whenever I pass that way, I wonder if they know as little about their other goods that they have on display as they know about chess.

I recall a cover design that was drawn for a house organ many years ago. The artist was a good one, one of the best. It was of a farm scene, during haying time, and a number of farm hands were industriously engaged in cutting and cocking the hay. In the foreground stood a man sharpening his scythe, and he held the tool in such a way that one stroke of the whetstone upon the blade would have cut a finger off. This same man also held the blade pointed directly at his chest, something that no farmer or other person who knew how to handle a scythe would ever do.

Directly back of him several men were engaged in cutting and they followed one another. These men were so placed by the artist that three of the four mowers would be instantly "declothed" upon the first swing of the scythe by the men behind them. The artist had coloured the cocks of hay a vivid green, while the standing hay, yet to be mowed, was of a dull brown. His colour scheme in regard to the hay had been reversed.

These glaring mistakes were called to the attention of the house organ editor, but he mailed the edition out with the remark that only farmers would notice such things. Two weeks later he received a letter enumerating the mistakes in the cover and signed by twenty of the twenty-two salesmen. Those men were not farmers, but twenty of them knew enough about the rustic industry to pick out the flaws in a haying scene.

A large, middle-western firm, in one edition of its house organ, ran a story of Canada and of the Canadian police force. The passage that said "Officer, arrest that man!" was illustrated, and the house organ was sent out. Ten days later the main office received a letter that told them many interesting things about that story. In the first place they were told that in Canada an officer is an officer and a member of the police force is a constable. Also that the Canadian police wore a felt hat and chin strap, not the police cap of the Chicago police force. The man that wrote that story had written about Canada, yet when he brought in the constable he only saw his own police—the police of Chicago. And the illustrator followed in his footsteps.

No matter what you do, you will find that you have to do it right, if you wish to succeed. You may set up chess men, draw pictures or write stories. The results will be the same if you don't really know how. The advertising that was done in the window with the chess set failed as far as chess players were concerned. The artist who pictured the haying scene failed to impress favourably those who had a knowledge of haying. The writer of the story failed to impress those who knew of Canada and her constabulary.

Each of these faults, while little in itself, made negative all the things that would otherwise have been positive advantages, killing the good effect that could have been created. The advertisers didn't have the facts straight.

The successful appeal must be based on facts—facts ascertained and proven by investigation and research. Whether you are selling with the aid of direct-mail or writing a story, get the facts and get them straight or the results will be more harmful than helpful.—*By courtesy of Speaker-Hines Printing Co., Detroit, Mich.*

◆

"A man has two creators: his God and himself. His first Creator furnishes him with raw materials of his life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator, himself, has marvellous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts."—*William George Jordan.*

Thomas Gray

(*26th December, 1716—30th July, 1771*)

By QUIS SEPARABIT

> *"Here rests his head on the lap of earth*
> *A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.*
> *Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,*
> *And Melancholy marked him for her own."*

TRULY great men never advertise. Also they are usually more sensible of their failings than conscious of their virtues. Gray is in this class. Despite the second line of the above stanza, his will reveals him, compared with some of his contemporaries, as a man who died in a state of affluence; and his fame rests principally on the elegy of which such line forms a part. He was not only melancholy, but extremely modest; and it is doubtful if he would have been so well known but for the energy displayed by Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister, in persuading Gray to have his literary efforts published.

Gray's father was a London scrivener, and as such was a nominally respectable citizen and respected to the same extent; a man of ungovernable temper from whom his wife was obliged to separate. In the matter of his son's training, he was on a par with Byron's father—useless. Gray has always given his mother the credit for any success he had in life. The poet's love for his mother and his self-effacement find expression in the inscription on her tombstone, said to have been composed by Gray himself: "Here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Eton claims Gray as one of her distinguished scholars. He was first educated there, and subsequently at Peterhouse, Cambridge. It was at Eton he made the acquaintance of Walpole, and when his education was completed he accompanied Walpole on a tour through France and Italy. On his return, he settled at Cambridge and began to write English poetry, his previous efforts having been in Latin. His *Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard*, has long been considered one of the most perfect poems in the English language. Other well-known pieces are *Ode on the Spring*, *Hymn to Adversity*, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and the *Pindaric Odes*, which include *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*. With the exception of *The Bard*, one can say very little beyond a passing reference as to the general excellence of Gray's works. *The Bard* is founded on a legend or fable that Edward I., after conquering Wales, put the native poets to death. It is easy to follow the poet through his lamentations for his comrades. After that, it is somewhat in the nature of cipher, but it is as clear as noonday to the student of history and literature from the first Edward to the period of Elizabeth and Shakespeare. *Palgraves' Golden Treasury,* a small volume of poetical selections dedicated to Tennyson, contains eight of Gray's poems.

Gray has been likened to Goldsmith, and considered his superior by some. The point is debatable, but the likeness is quite in order. There is a something about these two great contemporaries that compels us to consider them jointly. This oneness, similarity of thought and loftiness of expression, amounting almost to parallel passages, is seen to great advantage in the *Elegy* and *The Deserted Village*.

Many biographers from Johnson down to our own time have given us something on Gray. We find one author acknowledging his indebtedness to somebody for certain information, or access to documents not included in the "life" by a previous writer, and yet Gray's "life" is incomplete; even the date of his death is wrong on the monument at Stoke Park—it is given as 31st of July, whereas Gray died before midnight on the 30th. His literary executor has been blamed for the general mixup. Be this as it may, here is a labour of love, a golden opportunity for some scholar. The onus is on an Etonian, but the effort of a Cantab, or Oxonian, or any other will be equally welcome to give us a complete and authoritative life of Gray; and also a translation of his Latin works.

Gray's private life, as far as we know, is a clean sheet, and his general record that of a God-fearing man. He succumbed to gout, a malady from which he had suffered for many years. He was buried in Stoke Pogis churchyard, celebrated as the scene of his elegy.

" No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

A Labrador Seaman Speaks

By N. M. HEPBURN

Ships as die doeen' deir duty
Luckier be dan 'em what lie
'Gin a city, stinkin', sooty,
Watcheen' old mates pass 'em by.

Ships wid souls, deir last port sighteen',
'Opes for 'Eaven in de deep;
But de wessels what dies fighteen'
'Ave nare fear of sweetest sleep.

Men and ships as strives wid nature,
Only done when God decree,
Honours 'Im, deir Lard and Maker,
Honours mudders and de sea.

Silver King

By J. LEDINGHAM, S.S. Nascopie

MR. Wm. T. Hornaday, director of New York zoological gardens, writing in the *Liberty* magazine on how wild animals accept captivity, says the following of Silver King: "Our worst bear case is Silver King, the huge male polar captured in the Kane Basin in 1910 when fully adult. . . . . From the moment the noose of the lasso landed on his neck until he landed in his den in our place, with only one intermission, he fought like a tiger, or worse. . . . . It was nothing but three pounds of chloroform, a big roll of cotton and a good blanket that kept him from escaping."

As I happened to be chief engineer of the steamer *Beothic*, which took Mr. Rainey and his party on his hunting trip to the Arctic regions, my description of this cruise may be of some interest to readers of *The Beaver*.

The *Beothic*, a steel ice breaker owned in St. Johns, Newfoundland, was chartered by Mr. Rainey and fitted out at Boston. Leaving Boston under the command of Capt. Bob. Bartlett and calling at Sydney for bunkers, we set out for northern Greenland and waters in the vicinity where Arctic animals have their haunts.

Our first stop was Cape York, north Greenland. Heavy field ice prevented us getting close to land, so the ship was made fast to the edge of the floe about five miles from land. Soon after we stopped, Eskimos and dog teams were on their way out to the ship. These Eskimos are timid and shy, but finally they got close enough to the ship for Harry Whitney, one of the party, to speak to them in their own dialect. After they had been given a good meal, they took us ashore on their cometiks to their encampment. Some of the Eskimos were engaged as guides and helpers to take us to the most likely places to find polar bears, walrus, musk ox, etc.

Leaving Cape York and slowly forging our way through the heavy ice for some days, we at last sighted out the first bear as he ambled over the ice. The ship kept on his track until he was shot. The ice became more loose and several other bears were shot.

It was then suggested that we catch one alive. A big cage of wood was made in readiness. As soon as we got on the track of a bear, he was forced off the ice by the ship chasing him. One of our powerful motor boats was lowered away and it set off in pursuit. We soon caught up with him and a noose was held on the end of a boathook in front of him. He swam into this and the rope was hauled tight. Our first bear was captured. Now to get him on board. The cage was lowered to the water's edge, the end of the noose was passed through and up to the winch and the bear was hauled up to the cage. Could we get him into that cage? No; for he kept his two great pads up against the bars and resisted all efforts. He snarled and snapped at the rope which held him until at last he broke the rope and swam furiously away.

Some other means of getting one on board had to be devised. So this time the cage, with food and water in it, was lowered down the hold on top of the coal. The next bear was caught in the same way as the other, but was hoisted bodily on board, dropped down the hold and let go. It was quite a while before he ventured near the cage; but, smelling the food, he finally went into the cage, when the trap door was let down from the deck. The cage was hoisted on deck. As it was only a flimsy wooden affair, a native was kept on guard, prodding him with a long pole whenever he tried to chew up the cage. This bear is the one Dr. Hornaday describes as Silver King. He fought all the while he was on board ship. Later, another and smaller bear was captured in the same way.

We now had to provide food for the bears; so the hunt was turned to walrus. On a good sunny day the walrus lie lazily on the ice and can be approached quite easily, many being shot by the hunters and at the same time harpooned by the natives to prevent them sinking. Unless struck in a vital spot, it takes a lot of lead to put a walrus out of business. Some of these walrus are great big animals eighteen feet long.

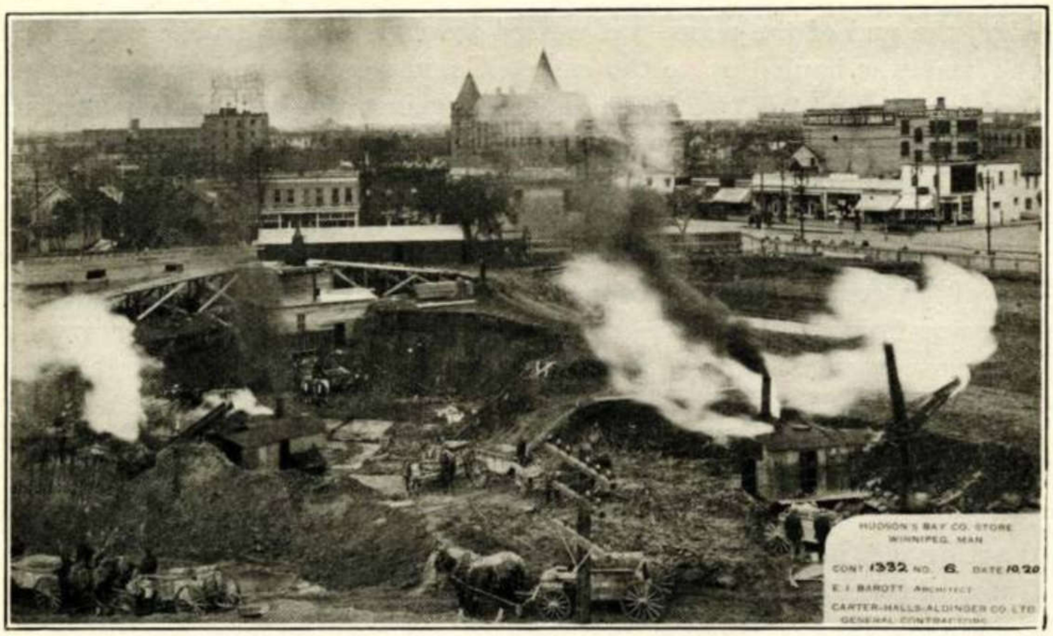
On one occasion a wounded walrus attacked our boat and dug his big tusks into the gunwhale. Fortunately for us, he did not have a good grip and was shot as he slid off.

We soon had many walrus on board, and the ship steamed in to Inglefield gulf, where the natives skinned and cut up the carcasses.

Our next move was for musk ox. We went across to Ellesmere Land and anchored close in to shore. The hunting party set off and were fortunate in locating a herd soon after landing. Musk ox do not put up any fight; they just simply bunch together and make short dashes and butts at anything approaching. But I daresay they could inflict serious injury with their sharp horns. Several old animals were shot and added to the ship's larder. Six young ones were captured alive without any trouble and taken on board. They were gentle and kindly little animals and soon became the pets of the ship.

During our cruise we visited Jones Sound, Lancaster Sound, and Barrow Straits. Our next visit was to Etah, the base of many polar explorers. Several of their belongings were still strewn on the shore.

We spent over two months hunting; then the ship started back. Our live stock consisted of two polar bears, one young walrus, six baby musk ox, one blue fox, besides many skins, walrus tusks, and narwhal horns. The voyage south was uneventful and we arrived at New York and delivered the animals to Dr. Hornaday, after having spent a most unusual and enjoyable hunting and pleasure trip.



The New H.B.C. Store, Winnipeg

A VERY cordial reception was accorded the Hudson's Bay Company's announcement that the work on their new store on Portage Avenue had been started.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, September 2nd, 1925, excavations were commenced, when Mr. Charles V. Sale, governor of the Company, shovelled the first earth from the site into a brand new wagon, this operation being continued by Mr. George W. Allan, K.C., a director of the Company and chairman of the Canadian committee; Mr. George F. Galt, a member of the Canadian committee; and Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks, the secretary of the Company.

The ceremony was of a domestic nature, as the arrangements with the contractors and architects had been completed only the same day.

In addition to those named above, the following were at the ceremony and each had the pleasure of assisting at the first excavation: Mr. A. H. Doe, controller of stores construction; Mr. W. H. Cooke, general manager Manitoba-Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta stores; Mr. W. S. Lecky, secretary to the Canadian committee; Mr. W. H. Carter and Mr. F. S. Halls, of Carter-Halls-Aldinger Company, Limited, contractors; and Mr. E. I. Barott, architect.

As will be seen from the accompanying photograph, taken forty-eight days after the commencement of the work, rapid progress has been made, and the contractors are now working day and night on the site. The energy applied to the work of excavation is the subject of much favourable comment among the residents of Winnipeg.

The Story of Butter

By H. M. S. COTTER, Cumberland House

IT was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that butter was introduced as an article of sale at fur trade posts. The inland posts even then, and for years after, very rarely saw it, and its use was confined solely to those in charge. Time and easier methods of transport have brought changes and now we find this article of food used in great quantities throughout the north country.

And yet there are natives who still prefer to use either lard or tallow on hard-tack or bannock. The salty butter does not appeal to them. When, however, they do acquire the habit and overcome their prejudice, stand by! for butter then verily disappears by the cord. This is very noticeable at feasts and other social gatherings given on gala days at posts. It is really painful to watch (as hosts) the consumption of butter!

Perhaps it may not be generally known, but there was a time when the Company imported from England the finest cattle of pedigree stock. In the Bay in the old days the Company owned herds of cattle that were without peers in many parts of the Dominion. They were enormous animals, fat and sleek and at all times in the best of condition, and this was in part attributable to the luscious salt water hay that grew about James Bay. Excellent butter was produced from these cattle and no finer beef raised on the continent. It has often been remarked that the beef from these fine herds was equal to the best English home product.

It is interesting to note that the dairying industry is one of the oldest and now one of the most important in the Dominion, with a production value in 1923 of $238,693,885. Nearly one half of this was the production of 3,000 dairy factories—$32,000,000 from dairy butter and $82,000,000 the value of milk used. Over 2,000,000 cows supplied the milk to the factories.—(*The Montreal Daily Star*).

It was late before the Greeks had any notion of butter and by the early Romans it was used only as a medicine—never as a food. The Christians of Egypt in the third century burnt butter in their lamps instead of oil. In 1675 there fell in Ireland during the wintertime a thick yellow dew which was said to have all the medicinal properties of butter. (In Scotland about the same period, and since, a more mellow kind of dhu has been falling.)

The Company was only five years in existence when this remarkable occurrence took place in Ireland, and yet within the memory of living man there are even more wonderful freaks of nature. One does not require to hark far back to remember that species of butter resembling fine Italian marble with its beautiful and variegated hues of blue, purple and emerald running through the tinctured and plastic mass. This phenomenon, while interesting, is however rarely seen.

James Evans—1801-1846

Inventor of the Cree Syllabic System

By DR. JOHN MACLEAN

JAMES Evans was born in Kingston-upon-Hull, England, in 1801. He had a great liking for the sea, his father being captain of the troopship *Triton*, with whom as a youth he made two voyages as a common sailor. Entering commercial life, he gained a wider knowledge of the world and when he was converted under the preaching of Gideon Ousley, the famous Irish evangelist, he began preaching in the towns and villages in the vicinity of his home. About 1821 his people emigrated to Canada, settling at Lachute in Quebec province. They were followed by James in 1823. He taught school near L'Original, was married to Miss Mary Blithe Smith, and moved west to Upper Canada. In 1828 he became teacher of an Indian school at Rice Lake, and, having genius in the study of languages, he mastered the Ojibway tongue and made translations of portions of the Bible and hymns. Finding it difficult to enable the Indians to read in their own language by the use of the Roman alphabet, he sought a simpler method of teaching them. While at Rice Lake he translated eighteen chapters of Genesis and twenty Psalms, and prepared a vocabulary of the Ojibway language.

In 1831 he was sent as missionary to the Credit Indians; in 1833 he was ordained and stationed at St. Catharines, and in 1834 he was sent to Sarnia to labour among the Indians on the St. Clair river. By a critical study of the Ojibway he discovered that eight consonants and four vowels would represent the whole language, and he sought to express all the words by means of a syllabic system. On June 11th, 1841, he wrote to the Rev. Joseph Stinson: "For this purpose I prepared a syllabic alphabet such as I presented to the Bible Society in Toronto in 1836, and of which they disapproved."

In 1837, he spent four months in New York superintending the printing of his translations, including his "Speller and Interpreter in Indian and English," a hymn book in Ojibway and some music. From 1838 until 1840, he laboured among the Indians on Lake Superior, and in the latter year work was begun among the Indians of the Northwest. In the spring of 1840, four missionaries were sent and stationed as follows: Robert Terrill Rundle at Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House, William Mason at Rainy Lake and Fort Alexander, George Barnley at Moose Factory and Abitibi, and James Evans at Norway House.

In the first week of August, 1840, he arrived at Norway House as general superintendent of the Northwest Indian missions. His first winter was spent at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, studying the Cree language, and in the following spring he located his mission about two miles from Norway House fort, naming it Rossville, in honour of Donald Ross, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and living at Norway House. He went into the forest, and, with the help of natives, secured materials and erected a neat church, parsonage and school, and twenty houses for the Indians, and thus laid the foundation of a prosperous village. As he was a good teacher and musician, he taught the children reading, writing and arithmetic, and trained them to sing the hymns he had translated.

In June, 1841, less than a year after his arrival in the country, he had so far perfected his Cree syllabics that he wrote: "The men, women and children at Norway House write and read it with ease and fluency, as do some European gentlemen who speak the language of the Indians in different parts."

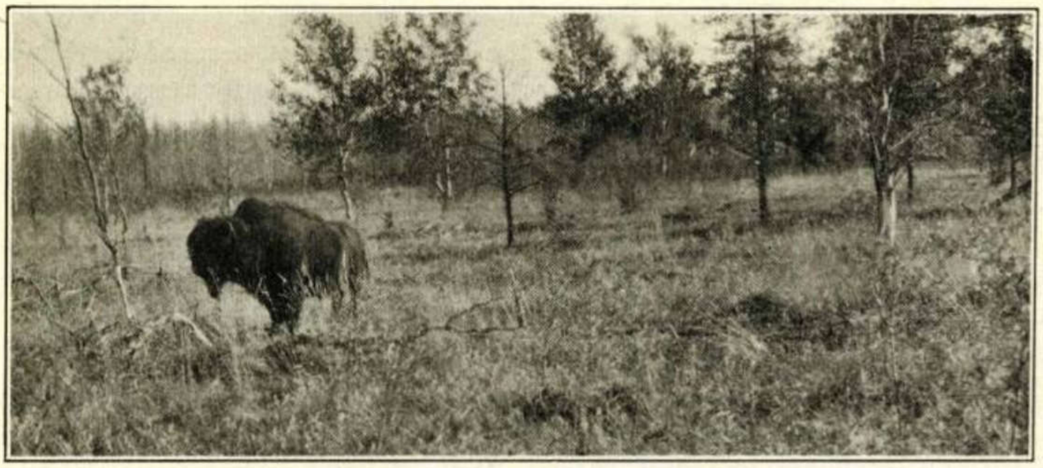
His first books in the Cree syllabic were made with leaves of birch bark, on which the characters were written with ink made from the soot of the chimney. After numerous experiments and difficulties he cast type from lead taken from tea chests, and in the spring of 1841 he made a font of type, and with an old jackpress used for packing furs he printed five thousand pages, and bound one hundred copies of a small volume of hymns of sixteen pages. A printing press and type were afterward sent to him from London, England, and the work of providing literature for the natives was begun. The influence of the new learning spread far and wide. The Chippewyans secured some of the books and learned to read them, and the Cree Indians used the syllabic characters in writing to friends.

So simple is the system that less than fifty characters cover the whole of the Cree language. A white man can master them in an hour, and an intelligent Cree can use them readily in a week in reading any book. These syllabics have become the basis of other syllabaries. From them Archdeacon Macdonald of the Anglican Church prepared a syllabic system in the Tukudh language and the Rev. Father Morice, in 1885, invented a syllabary for the natives of Stuart lake.

Evans' syllabics are in use by the Roman Catholic, Anglican and Methodist missionaries, and an extensive literature has developed, including hymn books, prayer books, Pilgrim's Progress and other books, catechisms and tracts. The Bible in Swampy Cree was published in 1861, and in plain Cree in 1920. A phonetic system has been invented for the Chinese language by which it is possible to learn to read in two weeks.

James Evans died suddenly at Keilby, Lincolnshire, England, on November 23rd, 1846, aged 45 years. He was one of Canada's great men, a notable missionary, and one of the pathfinders of the Northwest, and is therefore worthy of remembrance.

Last year the secretary of the Geographic Board of Canada wrote to the mission rooms for evidence to verify his belief that books printed by James Evans in the Cree syllabics of his own invention represented the earliest printing done in the area covered by the present province of Manitoba. The evidence was not far to seek. In the library vault at Victoria College were copies of the little deerskin covered books containing hymns and scripture texts, and bearing the imprint Norway House, 1841.



Canada's Wild Buffalo

By MAXWELL GRAHAM

THE last wild buffalo inhabit a district lying south and west of the settlement of Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories. The range is bounded on the east by the Slave river, on the south by the Peace, and on the west by the Jackfish from a point a few miles south of the sixtieth parallel of latitude to its outlet into the Peace river. This heavily forested area is interspersed with open park-like meadows and many muskegs, sloughs and lakes. Poplar and jack-pine ridges alternate, the former carrying native grasses and other herbage, such as pea vine, which is greatly relished by the buffalo.

There are many muskegs in the valleys, in which grow the coarse grasses that form the staple food of the buffalo in winter. They shovel the snow away with their muzzles and eat the still green grass near the roots. They also browse to some extent, as did European wood buffalo.

The range is one selected from time immemorial by the buffalo themselves and contains ideal natural shelter and forage suited to their requirements at every season of the year. In addition to the necessary forage, there are within the range ample salt licks containing saline earths.

A true buffalo is an animal with no hump on its shoulders. It is found only in Africa and Asia. Our animal, having a high hump, is really a bison, but, as Doctor W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York zoological park, has stated, inasmuch as it is known to over one hundred million people on this continent as the buffalo, it would be quite useless to attempt to bring about a universal change in its popular name.

Canada, in the northern wood buffalo, possesses not only finer specimens than those which ranged in the Caucasus, but also larger, darker, handsomer animals than those formerly found on the Southern plains.

Until the middle of the last century, buffalo ranged areas covering fully one-third of the entire continent of North America in numbers far exceeding those of any other large mammal of recent times. Today, outside of those in parks, no wild buffalo exist in the world, excepting those whose range was inspected in the summer of 1922.

During numerous journeys on horseback and on foot, the writer saw a total, by actual count, of 114 buffalo.

The wild buffalo have a very keen sense of smell. If the wind is favourable they can instantly scent a man, and, providing no rain has fallen, they can smell a human trail two days old. Their eyesight is not good. When the wind is favourable, it is possible for a man to stand unconcealed within fifty feet, or less, of the buffalo. And so long as he does not move they will not see him. When once they smell or see a man, these huge aeimals move with remarkable rapidity.

The buffalo wallows are generally found on sandy jack-pine ridges. They often cover several acres and comprise shallow depressions made by the buffalo rolling in the sand when taking a sand bath. Many of the trees in and around such places are rubbed smooth, especially the tough-barked jack-pine. During the fly season the skin around the base of the horns gets itchy, and the buffalo in gaining relief rub the bark off the trees to a height of six and a half feet above the ground.

Just as on the plains, where highways and railways have followed old buffalo trails as the best route from point to point, so in the wood buffalo habitat the trails made by the buffalo are the most direct and best located routes to follow when travelling through the range. They are the easiest and shortest way through forest and muskeg and between the heads of rivers. The buffalo trails are used by the Indians. At small expense they can be made into first-class pack trails, and some of them have already been converted to that use.

From the number of young stock seen, from the fact that the old trails and the wallows are being reopened and new ones made and from other investigations, it is evident that the wood buffalo are increasing in numbers and that those in the southern range may be conservatively estimated at one thousand, those in the northern at five hundred.

There are many reasons why the wood buffalo in northern Alberta and the Northwest Territories should be preserved. They are the last of their species living today under absolutely free and wild conditions. They are the finest specimens of their species, superior in pelage, size, and vigour to those of the plains.

The time is approaching when an infusion of new unrelated blood will be needed by our herds in the national parks, and it is only from the northern herds that such infusion can be obtained. Looking to the future success of the experimental cross-breeding between buffalo and domestic bovines, it is imperative that a reserve stock of pure blood bison of the highest potency should be kept in reserve, so that the ultimate fixed type of new range animal may continue to pass on to successive generations the prepotent qualities of the true bison, hardiness, thriftiness, a valuable robe and first-class beef qualities.—*By courtesy of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa.*

Experiences in the Arctic

By CHRIS. HARDING, District Manager, Nelson River

OF the many experiences that come into one's life, there are some that remain fast in our memories, and the year 1914 will ever recall one of these. I was ordered to go to Herschel Island and establish posts for the Hudson's Bay Company along the Arctic coast.

Just before the Great War broke out, we sailed from Vancouver July 13th in the good ship *Ruby*. All went well until we crossed the Arctic circle, when the ice fields commenced to loom out ahead and our troubles began. Our ship was not fitted for ice work, although stoutly built. Our captain had never navigated a ship in the ice before, and I am satisfied he never realized the danger which beset us.

By slow progress we arrived at Point Barrow, 72 degrees north latitude, on the 20th August. The sight here was appalling. The ice was jammed on the beach mountains high; ice everywhere. This was all on the move with tide and current, crashing and breaking up as it moved along. After a short stop, we proceeded to round Cape Barrow, when a heavy fog came on. We could not see the main mast from the wheel house. We hit a large cake of ice and could see the ship buckle and the decks heave up. A large hole was punched in the ship above the water mark, through which a man could crawl. This was patched up with boards and canvas, and we drifted along with the polar pack, bumped and pushed, and powerless to help ourselves. When daylight came and the fog cleared, our captain worked his ship out of danger. It was now getting late in the fall for these regions. The captain informed me that no ship could live in such heavy ice, and decided to abandon the venture; consequently it was decided to proceed to the nearest port and discharge. This we did at Teller, Alaska. We landed on the 13th of September, in a strange land among strange people and stranger surroundings. We were sixty days aboard the *Ruby*, about forty days of which were spent in the ice. My wife, myself and two of our men were left on the beach in lonely Alaska. It is little wonder our hearts failed us and our souls were troubled. In the meanwhile, the daylight got less and less, until old Sol suddenly disappeared altogether and we had to be content with twilight. Towards the end of November a terrible hurricane started, and the waters rose and rose until the whole town of Teller was inundated and the streets running torrents full of icebergs, bumping and knocking down houses as they passed. Sheets of corrugated iron 4x8 feet, blown off the roofs of warehouses and dwellings, went down the street with lightning rapidity. If one of these had struck a person, it would have cut him in two. We weathered the storm as usual, for it is destined that those who are to be hanged cannot be taken by fire, flood or freezing.

When the month of February arrived, I had to go to Nome to see the customs officials in connection with our cargo—British goods on American territory. I made arrangements with Mr. Winfield, store-keeper at Teller, as he had a good bunch of dogs. He had kept them well stabled and fed, but had done no work with them, so one can imagine thirteen dogs in the pack, wild and howling to go, standing on their hind legs and clawing the air. We had to tie the Alaskan sled whilst hitching the dogs up. When all was ready and we were seated and hanging on to the sled rail, the rope was let go and we shot out like a stone from a catapult. Nome is about a hundred miles from Teller. We had to cross a chain of mountains called the Divide. Over the mountains we were following a well beaten trail, with a gradual slope, the pack travelling about seven to eight miles an hour. Mr. Winfield had just remarked about this being the poetry of travel, when suddenly two caribou sprang into the trail from behind a hill. Then there was pandemonium. The pack of dogs was now transformed into a pack of wolves. With tails up and tongues out, away they went down the mountain side, hitting the high spots only. It took two on the sled balancing to keep it from capsizing. Throwing ourselves first on one side of the sled and then on the other, we appeared to be flying through space. For ten minutes or so we continued this mad race. In this time we covered several miles, and we were overtaking the caribou, when suddenly they left the track and disappeared over a hill. Our dogs got mixed in the deep snow and stopped, all throwing themselves down in a very played-out state. Mr. Winfield and I were now able to compare notes. I remarked, "What about the poetry of travel now? The French might call it *magnifique;* I would call it tragedy."

A Winter Scene in the Wilderness (*Photo by Lucas Thompson, M.Sc.*)

Warburton Pike

By C. H. FRENCH, District Manager, B.C.

THE cairn here pictured was erected by the Hudson's Bay Company at Dease Lake under the instructions and at the expense of the then Lord Osborne Beauclere, of London, and Marshal Bond, of Los Angeles, California, to the memory of Warburton Pike. It is situated on the Hudson's Bay Company's property at their Dease Lake post.

The deceased was a man outstanding among his fellows, and everyone who knew him respected him for his sterling worth. After a trip through the Barren Lands, he wrote and published a book on that subject.

When returning from that trip, he followed up the Peace river, through the Rocky mountains and up the Parsnip. His objective was McLeod's lake; but evidently he mistook one of the Peace river tributaries for the Parsnip river, and, after travelling a considerable distance, he discovered his mistake and realized that he was lost. He retraced his steps to the Rocky mountains portage, and finally reached "Twelve Foot" Davis' trading post at that place. His condition, after eating his moccasins and everything else eatable in his possession, was such as to compel him to travel the last few miles on his hands and knees. His body was reduced to a mere shadow and his strength completely gone.

I next heard of him going through the country scouting for Messrs. McKenzie and Mann, who had arranged with the Dominion government in 1898 to build an all-Canadian railroad to the Klondyke. Among the concessions was the right to select a certain quantity of mineral land on each side of the route. Ottawa refused to sanction the arrangement, and the whole undertaking was called off. Warburton Pike's trip was for the purpose of gathering information to enable the railway company to select the mineral belts they should have.

He was favourably impressed with that section of country through which Berry Creek ran, and after his connection with the railway company was at an end, he staked the ground and opened a mine which for several years he operated, assisted by Lord Osborne Beauclere and others.

He possessed a noble character, was an able writer, a keen sportsman, and dearly beloved by all who knew him. He was an exceedingly modest man, although he had been the honoured guest of kings and nobility. The late President Roosevelt remarked of his book, "The Barren Ground of Northern Canada," that it was a splendid classic of adventure literature.

Warburton Pike went to Vienna with big game trophies for the British Columbia government, as he was an authority in this line. He was the first white man to hunt big game in the Cassiar, and may be said to be the father of this now important enterprise. Latterly he quit the rifle altogether and directed his energies to the use of the camera.

Warburton Pike and Roger Pocock of early days did much to make British Columbia and the prairie provinces known. Sir Clive Phillipps Woolley and Warburton Pike were inseparable friends.

The Hudson's Bay Company is honoured to have had some part in the erection of a cairn to perpetuate his memory.

◆

Governor of Rupert's Land on a Tour of Inspection

This is the title of the Hudson's Bay Company's historical calendar for the year 1926.

The scene depicts Sir George Simpson, on a tour of inspection, approaching with his party one of the Company's trading posts, by water, in gaily painted canoes and accompanied by his piper and his crack crews of voyageurs. This scene is graphically described by George Bryce, M.A., LL.D., in his "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company."

Sir George Simpson, a Scot from the County of Rosshire, where he was born in 1792, was governor of Rupert's Land for the Hudson's Bay Company, and the imprint of his strong personality shows clearly on the pages of Canada's history. He was a martinet, but an untiring worker and a genius for organizing.

A small man, but gifted with a fine physique and possessed of unflagging energy, affable of manner and genial of disposition, Sir George Simpson had a deep knowledge of human nature. He was endowed with tact and diplomacy, was fond of the spectacular and was a great believer that a man should always try to look his best.

He was a potent factor in the amalgamation of the North-West and the Hudson's Bay Companies, and in the organization of trade and communication. In this way he brought about conditions of peace, progress and prosperity which led to the subsequent development of what are now the western provinces of Canada.

Sir George Simpson introduced the York boat, which proved so valuable in interior waterways in the early days. He organized an expedition of exploration to the Arctic and for his services as an empire builder was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1841.

Our calendar picture has been elaborated and painted by L. L. FitzGerald, of Winnipeg, from a photograph of a picture by the late Cyrus C. Cuneo. The original picture disappeared during the dismantling of an art exhibit in Canada some years ago. The calendar was made by the Miller Lithographic Company, of Toronto, Ont.

Creation of Young Dogs Tribe

By REV. J. HINES, Auther of "Red Indians of the Plains."

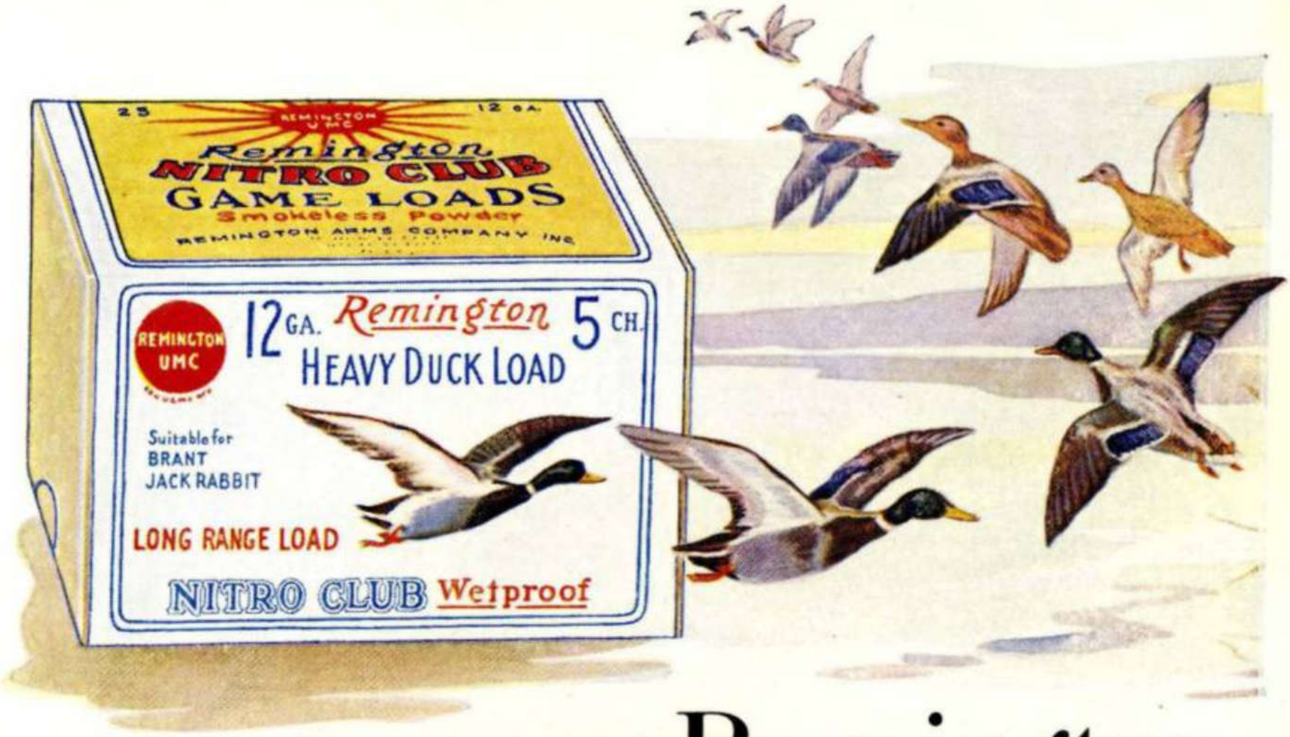
MANY years ago the Sioux and the Assiniboine nations were one, and made up the powerful Sioux tribe. But a feud broke out among two rival chiefs about a young woman who was known far and wide as a very beautiful damsel. She was betrothed to a certain Sioux warrior renowned for his skill and bravery in battle. He had made many successful adventures on the hostile tribes of the Great Plains and had brought away with him many scalps and large numbers of horses as trophies of his skill and daring. "Red Eagle" was the name of this young chief. The other rival was the head chief of the Sioux tribe, named "He That Stands on the Plains."

This latter chief was getting well on in years. He was a giant and very powerfully built, and had for years been recognized head of his tribe.

He was however much disliked by many of his people because of his ambitious propensities in a certain line of conduct. It appears he was very wanton, and held, so he considered, the right to take any woman who appealed to his fancy, whether she was pledged to another or not, and make her his wife. He had already taken several young maidens against the combined objections of their parents and of themselves and made them his wives, and this had caused a great deal of secret hatred against him.

It appears that this head chief had seen and taken a fancy to this beautiful girl, and had spoken to her parents about having her; but there was a very great obstacle in the way of his obtaining his request—she had been promised to another, and that other party was no less a person than Red Eagle. The latter was at that time away from home, but on his return he and this beautiful girl were to become man and wife. Her parents, not daring to tell this to the head chief, contented themselves by saying the girl would answer for herself. When the daughter heard this she became very indignant both with her parents and with the head chief—especially the latter—and she openly made it known she had betrothed herself to Red Eagle, whom she loved, and therefore she could not think of going to the tent of the head chief (He Who stands on the Plain).

When the chief heard what the girl had said, he became very furious and threatened to take her by force, and went to her father's tent with that object in view. But, during the interview that took place, he decided to give the girl two more days to think the matter over, and if at that time she still remained unchanged he would then resort to force, for he declared she would never become the wife of the other man. Her parents told her that they were powerless to withstand the chief's demands and that her only chance was to flee and hide in some other camp, failing this, the return of Red Eagle. She replied, "I shall not go into hiding, neither will I go with the head chief, and if he attempts to use force—I am only a woman, but there is this dagger which will defend me," holding it out at arm's


25
REMINGTON UMC
12 GA.
Remington
NITRO CLUB
GAME LOADS
Smokeless Powder
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
REMINGTON UMC
12 GA. Remington 5 CH.
HEAVY DUCK LOAD
Suitable for
BRANT
JACK RABBIT
LONG RANGE LOAD
NITRO CLUB Wetproof

Remington Heavy Duck Load

12-gauge, the long-range load recommended for Duck, Brant, and Jack Rabbit. No. 4, 5 or 6 Chilled Shot.

16 and 20-gauge, the long-range load recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. No. 6, 7 or 7½ Chilled Shot. (2¾-inch shells)

Remington Game Loads

GET the thrill of the long clean kill with Remington Heavy Duck Loads; the maximum long-range loads that reach out and get the high-fliers.

All Remington Game Loads are scientifically loaded to uniform velocity, penetration, and pattern. They are made wetproof — top wad, crimp, and body — by Remington's exclusive process. Among them there is the right load — the best load — for each kind of game. You will like the uniform shooting qualities of these shells.

Remington Duck Load

Recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Hawk, Crow, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 5, 6 or 7½ Chilled Shot.

Remington Goose Load

The long-range load recommended for Goose, Fox, Turkey and Raccoon. 12-gauge; No. 2 Chilled Shot.

Remington Grouse Load

Recommended for Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Pheasant, Partridge, Dove, Rabbit, Duck and Squirrel. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 7 Chilled Shot.

Remington Buck Shot Load

The long-range load recommended for Deer, Black Bear, and Wolf. 12-gauge; loaded with 12 pellets of No. 0 Eastern (No. 4 Western) Buck Shot.

Remington Trap Load

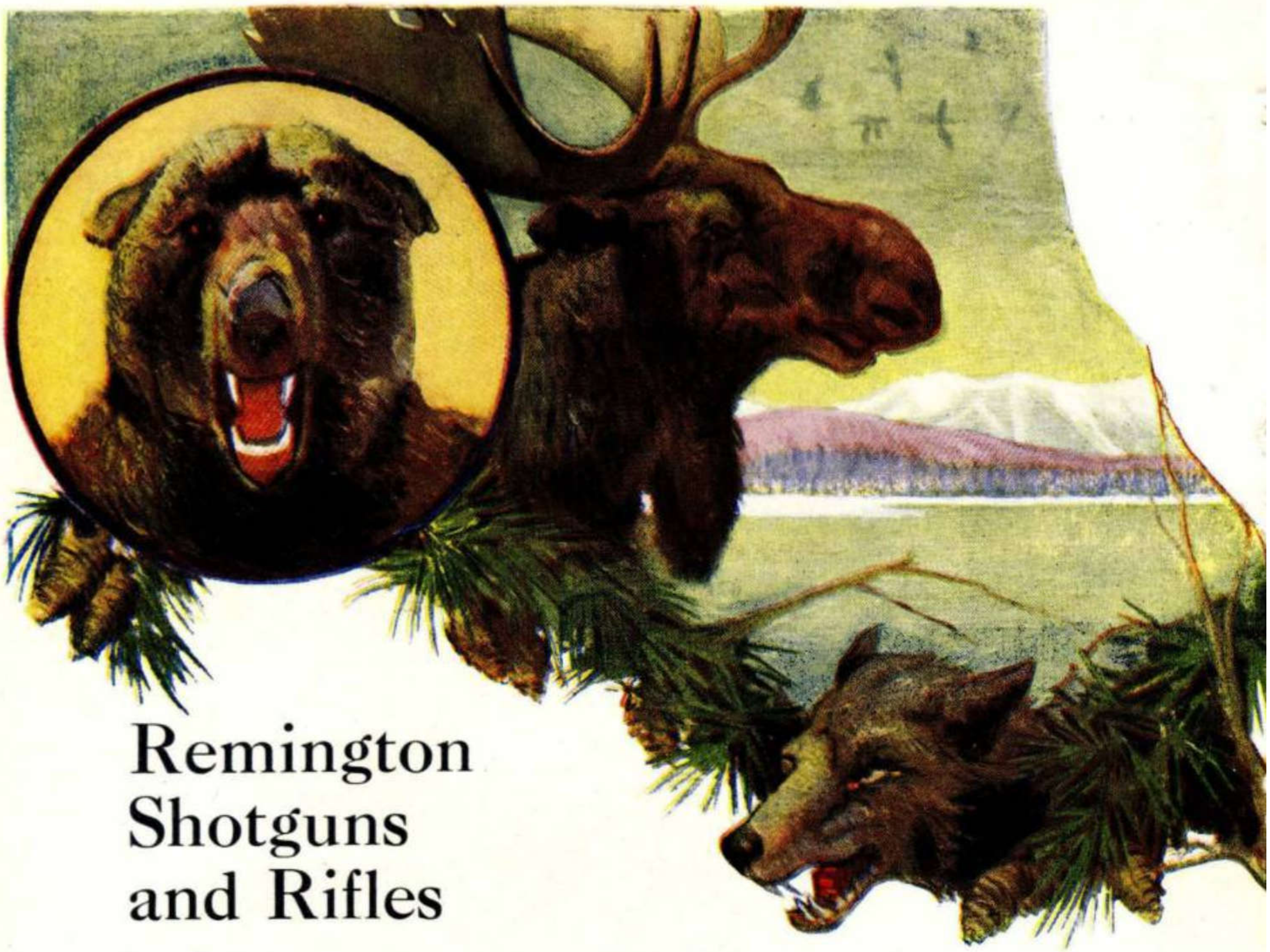
12-gauge only; regulation charge of 1¼ ounces of No. 7½ Chilled Shot. Even patterns and uniform shooting qualities that will help you to increase your average.

REMINGTON
UMC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

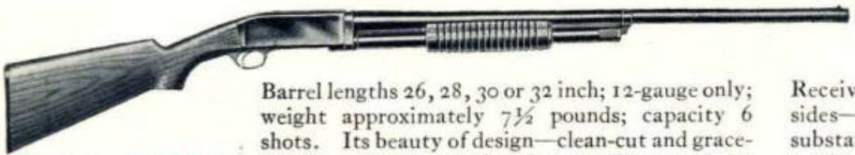
Remington

REMINGTON
UMC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Rifles   Ammunition   Shotguns   Game Loads   Cutlery   Cash Registers



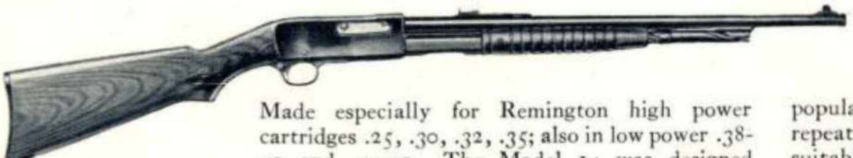
Remington Shotguns and Rifles



Remington Model 10 Repeating Shotgun

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Bottom Ejection, Take-down.

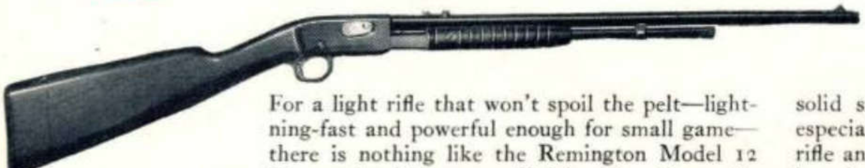
Barrel lengths 26, 28, 30 or 32 inch; 12-gauge only; weight approximately 7½ pounds; capacity 6 shots. Its beauty of design—clean-cut and graceful lines—its hard shooting qualities and its smooth operation have made it very popular. Receiver is one solid piece—no openings at top or sides—preventing dirt, snow, rain or other foreign substances entering mechanism, giving full protection to the shooter.



Remington Model 14 Repeating Rifle and Carbine

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down.

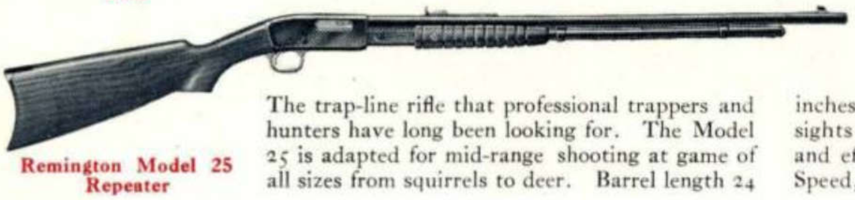
Made especially for Remington high power cartridges .25, .30, .32, .35; also in low power .38-40 and .44-40. The Model 14 was designed especially for using modern high power cartridges with ease, safety and accuracy, having the popular sliding fore-end action so well known in repeating shotguns. Carbine length furnishes a suitable arm for saddle use. Barrel length 18 and 22 inches; weight 6, 6¾ and 7 pounds; sights—white metal bead front, adjustable open rear.



Remington Model 12 .22 Calibre Repeating Rifle

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down.

For a light rifle that won't spoil the pelt—lightning-fast and powerful enough for small game—there is nothing like the Remington Model 12 Hammerless Repeater. Weighs only 4½ pounds. Has the speedy Remington pump action with a solid steel receiver, and closed breech. Made especially for standard .22 short, .22 long, .22 long-rifle and .22 Remington special cartridges. Barrel length 22 and 24 inches; weight 4½ to 5½ pounds.



Remington Model 25 Repeater

Solid Breech, Hammerless, Take-down, Eleven-shot.

The trap-line rifle that professional trappers and hunters have long been looking for. The Model 25 is adapted for mid-range shooting at game of all sizes from squirrels to deer. Barrel length 24 inches; total weight 5½ pounds; open sporting sights Made especially for the very popular and effective .25-20 and .32-20 Smokeless, High Speed, and Black Powder Ammunition.

30-30 WINCHESTER, MARLIN AND SAVAGE
Hi-Speed
110 Grs. Hi-Speed
MUSHROOM BULLET
FOR WINCHESTER, MARLIN, SAVAGE AND OTHER RIFLES

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges, the fastest long-range mushrooming cartridge made. Recommended for fast-moving game and open shooting.

30-30 WINCHESTER, MARLIN AND SAVAGE
Remington
EXPRESS
FOR WINCHESTER, MARLIN, SAVAGE AND OTHER RIFLES

Remington Express Cartridges, more *speed* put to the heaviest mushrooming bullets. Especially recommended for moose, grizzly and other large game.

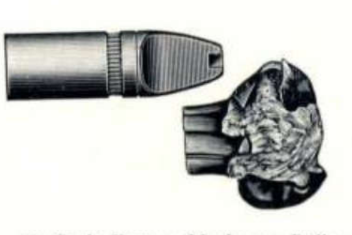
Remington Express and Hi-Speed Rifle Cartridges

Average Ballistics—Popular Game Cartridges

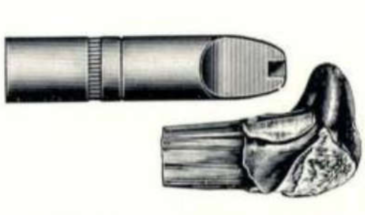
Remington Regular, Express and Hi-Speed Cartridges; Soft Point, Express Mushroom and Metal Cased; Hi-Speed Mushroom and Metal Cased Bullets.

(Figures in black ink are old style Soft Point Cartridges)

The Jackets of Hi-Speed and Express Bullets, of non-fouling material, are drawn thin at the point and will mushroom the same as Soft Point Bullets but do not break into small pieces.

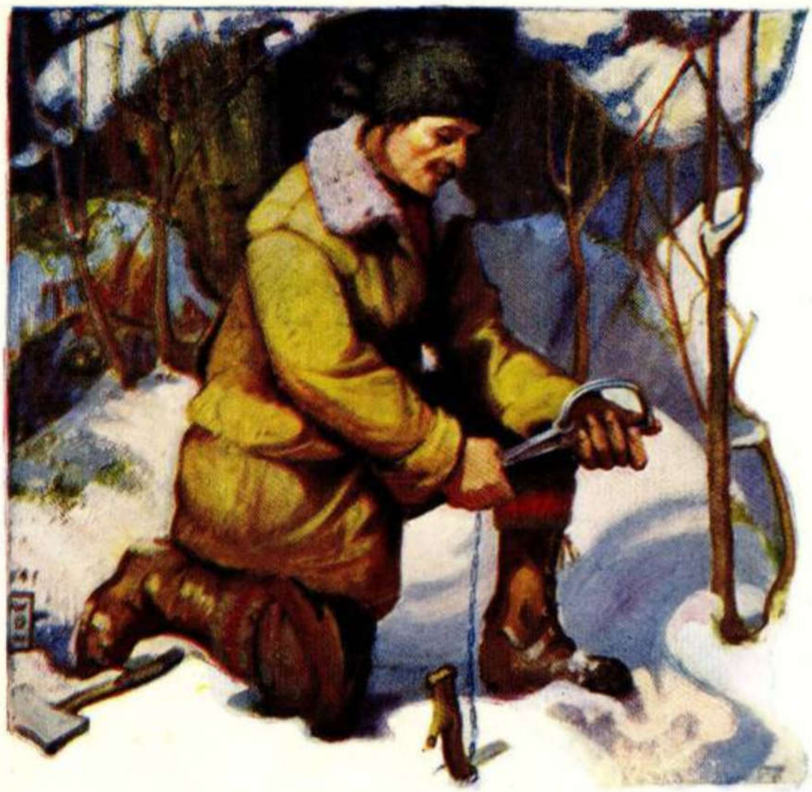


165 Grain Express Mushroom Bullets showing construction and condition after mushrooming



220 Grain Express Mushroom Bullets showing construction and condition after mushrooming

Name of Cartridge	Weight of Bullet Grs.	Muzzle Velocity Foot Seconds	Muzzle Energy Foot Pounds	TRAJECTORY 200 Yds. Height at 100 Yds. Inches	TRAJECTORY 300 Yds. Height at 150 Yds. Inches	TRAJECTORY 400 Yds. Height at 200 Yds. Inches	TRAJECTORY 500 Yds. Height at 250 Yds. Inches	Range for Accuracy in Yards	Penetration ⅞ In. Pine Bds.
.25/20 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	86	1380	360	13.5	(100 Yd. Trajectory)			100-200	8
Hi-Speed Mushroom	60	2200	645	8.2	(Hgt. at 50 Yd. 1.3)			200-300	8
Hi-Speed Metal Cased	60	2200	645	8.2	(Hgt. at 50 Yd. 1.3)			200-300	8
.25 Remington S. P.	117	2130	1180	5.0	13.8	28.1	54.5	500-700	11
Express Mushroom	117	2350	1435	4.0	10.5	21.0	39.0	500-700	12
Hi-Speed Mushroom	87	2700	1410	3.0	7.8	14.6	25.4	500-700	11
.25/35 Win. & Sav. S. P.	117	2030	1070	6.0	15.8	33.4	66.4	500-700	11
Express Mushroom	117	2350	1435	4.0	10.5	21.0	39.0	500-700	12
Hi-Speed Mushroom	87	2700	1410	3.0	7.8	14.6	25.4	500-700	11
.30 Remington S. P.	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.2	500-700	11
Express Mushroom	165	2250	1860	4.5	12.0	24.5	44.0	500-700	12
Hi-Speed Mushroom	110	2550	1590	3.4	8.8	17.3	31.4	500-700	14
.30/30 Win. Mar. & Sav. S. P.	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.2	500-700	11
Express Mushroom	165	2250	1860	4.5	12.0	24.5	44.0	500-700	12
Hi-Speed Mushroom	110	2550	1590	3.4	8.8	17.3	31.4	500-700	14
Hi-Speed Metal Cased	110	2550	1590	3.4	8.8	17.3	31.4	500-700	14
.30/40 Krag & Win. S. P.	220	2010	1970	5.4	13.6	28.1	50.0	800-1000	15
Express Mushroom	220	2200	2370	4.5	11.0	22.0	33.5	800-1000	16
Hi-Speed	180	2500	2490	3.2	7.9	15.4	26.1	800-1000	16
.30 Springfield 1906 S. P.	190	2200	2030	4.8	12.5	25.6	46.5	800-1000	14
Express Mushroom	220	2450	2940	3.5	9.0	17.5	30.0	800-1000	20
Express Metal Cased	220	2450	2940	3.5	9.0	17.5	30.0	800-1000	30
Hi-Speed Bronze Ptd.	150	3000	3045	2.3	5.7	11.1	19.2	800-1000	18
Hi-Speed Bronze Ptd.	180	2700	2910	2.8	6.7	13.0	22.1	800-1000	19
Hi-Speed Mushroom	110	3500	3000	1.8	4.5	8.9	15.8	700-800	11
.32 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (32/20)	100	1330	390	15.4	41			150-200	6
Hi-Speed Mushroom	80	2000	710	7.6	(100 Yd. at 50 Yd. 1.4)			200-300	9
.32 Remington S. P.	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500-700	12
Express Mushroom	165	2300	1940	5.0	11.5	24.5	44.5	500-700	15
Hi-Speed Mushroom	110	2550	1590	3.4	8.8	18.0	32.6	500-700	14
.32 Spl. (Win. & Mar.) S. P	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500-700	12
Express Mushroom	165	2300	1940	5.0	11.5	24.5	44.5	500-700	15
Hi-Speed Mushroom	110	2550	1590	3.4	8.8	18.0	32.6	500-700	14
.35 Remington S. P.	200	2020	1810	5.9	16.2	32.6	62.2	500-700	13
Express Mushroom	200	2250	2250	4.0	10.5	21.0	37.0	500-800	16
Hi-Speed Mushroom	150	2350	1840	4.1	10.8	23.7	40.3	500-700	15
.38 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (38/40)	180	1330	700	15.5	38.4			150-200	10
Hi-Speed Mushroom	130	2000	1165	7.7	22.0			200-300	11
.44 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P. (44/40)	200	1300	750	16.0	42.4			150-200	10
Hi-Speed Mushroom	140	2000	1185	7.8	22.3			200-300	11



Well-built Knives for Hunters, Trappers, and Fishermen

WHEN you get your hands on a Remington Hunter's, Trapper's, or Fisherman's knife, you'll know you've got hold of a well-built, practical tool that will stand up under hard usage.

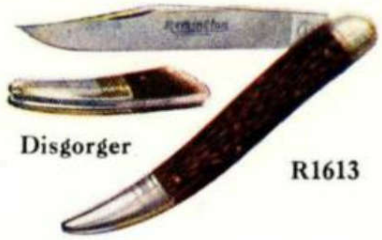
There are blades correctly designed and shaped for removing pelts quickly, and in good condition; others for sticking and the many odd jobs —cutting bait and general work.

For over a century Remington has been developing scientific, thorough, and exact heat-treatments for steel, and Remington blades have keen-cutting, durable edges.

Some popular patterns are shown here, and there are other Remington styles in various combinations of blades and handles. One of them is sure to suit you. Send for a circular on Remington Hunter's and Trapper's Knives.

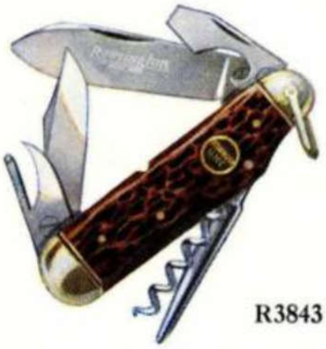
Remington Arms Company, Inc.
25 Broadway **Established 1816** **New York City**

Remington



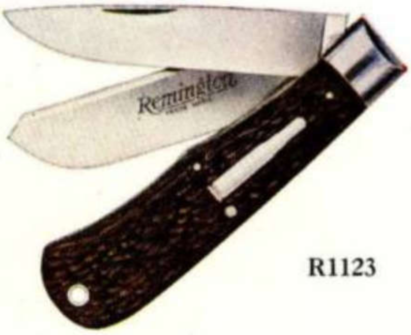
R1613

FISHERMAN's knife, equipped with disgorger. Has a very slender, long, sharp blade—ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc. Brass lining. Nickel Silver bolsters. Length, open, 8⅞″—closed, 5″.



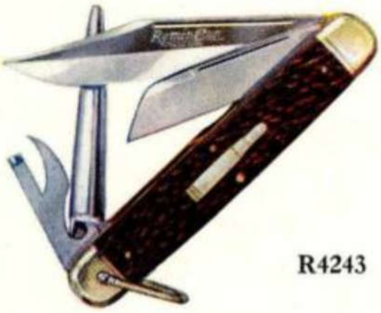
R3843

A FINE all-round knife. Has a large spear blade, a small clip blade, corkscrew, leather punch or reamer blade, can opener, and a combination screw-driver and bottle opener. Stag handle, brass lining; Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield. Length, open, 6″—closed, 3½″.



R1123

ONE of Remington's popular knives designed for Hunters and Trappers. Sticking and skinning blades. Brass lining. Nickel Silver bolster and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open, 8⅜″—closed, 4½″.



R4243

HERE's a big boy for hard work. Has a large sabre clip blade, a sheepfoot blade, a leather punch or reamer blade, and a combination can opener and bottle opener. Stag handle, brass lining; Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield. Length, open, 8⅝″—closed, $4\frac{13}{16}$″.

Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers

This Advertisement Printed in U. S. A.

length. At the end of two days there was still no sign of Red Eagle or his band; but the head chief did not forget his promise to return. He entered the tent and sat down and smoked his pipe in silence for a few minutes and then said, "I have told you my mind and your daughter must come with me now." The daughter spoke up, "I am not a girl now; I am the wife of Red Eagle, and I await his return." The head chief replied, "He shall not have you as his wife, and if he returns to claim you he must be prepared to fight for you." But she said, "I refuse to go with you before Red Eagle returns; then, if for any reason he consents to your having me, I must yield to fate and go with you." The chief replied, "I am content to await his return and let it be as you say, for if he claims you he shall die. No man dare take what I claim."

On the third day Red Eagle returned with several scalps and horses he had taken from the Comanches, but he had lost six of his own men during the encounter. When Red Eagle had heard of the head chief's threat, he said, "The head chief thinks he controls the band, but I will now show him his delusion and will tell him to his face that he is a coward." And having said this, he remounted his horse and rode round the camp proclaiming his independence, saying, in the hearing of all the camp, that he would no longer be a member of the band who served under "He That Stands on the Plains," but would separate from him, and added, "Anyone who wishes to join me can do so by taking down his tent at once, for I start today to form a new camp and I shall take with me my wife." No sooner had he said this than a great portion of the camp took down their tents and went over to the side of Red Eagle.

When the head chief saw what was taking place, he became very excited and sent a challenge to Red Eagle to fight him then and there and, being a very tall and heavy man, he decided to meet his rival on foot, armed with a shield and tomahawk. Red Eagle accepted the challenge and, again mounting his horse, charged down upon the head chief. Carrying in his hand his bow, he let fly an arrow which the head chief in his excitement failed to stop and it passed through his body, killing him on the spot. Those who clung to the head chief tried to avenge his death, but Red Eagle's followers fought for their new leader and a bloody battle ensued and many on both sides were slain.

Red Eagle proclaimed, "I and my followers will henceforth be called the 'Stony Indians,' and we will go down to the Crees and smoke the pipe of peace with them, and we will never again claim relationship with you; but as long as we live let there be war between our tribes."

Red Eagle and his followers left soon after. They crossed the Mississippi river and came towards the "Sand Hills" and "Wood Mountain" and smoked the pipe of peace with the Cree nation, and made an everlasting peace between the two tribes; so that in a short time they began to intermarry, and from these intermarriages sprang the "Young Dogs," who became inveterate horse thieves and plains warriors.

The Founding of Fort Maurepas

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON, Fort Alexander

THE first trading post at the mouth of the Winnipeg river, at its entrance into Lake Winnipeg, almost on the site where now stands Fort Alexander, was Fort Maurepas, called after the French naval minister. It was built by Jean Baptiste La Verendrye, the eldest son of the great discoverer of that name. That he possessed sound judgment in selecting places to locate his trading posts is evident from the fact that afterwards the Hudson's Bay Company established its posts close to and often on the ruins of those former forts erected by La Verendrye.

Fort Maurepas at that time was evidently a very important depot, as its situation was the most convenient to give those intrepid traders a breathing spell, as it were, before tackling Lake Winnipeg. It was the gateway to the west.

La Verendrye, who was at that time in command of the Lake Nepigon posts, saw clearly that, in order to stop the Indians who every year took their furs to the forts on the bay, it was necessary to establish posts farther west. He gathered data based on reports of the Indians. The country as far as the Lake of the Woods was pretty well known, but of the country farther on the information available was unreliable.

To carry out his purpose, a company was organized on June 6th, 1727, at Montreal, the Canadian governor being the Marquis de Beauharnois. He it was who, judging La Verendrye to be the proper person for the purpose, granted him permission to build a post at the mouth of Lake Winnipeg, giving him fifty men for his expedition. But, before doing so, he advised him to build advance posts at Rainy lake and also at the Lake of the Woods, so that he could obtain more reliable information about the west before proceeding, also to examine the territory carefully and establish himself on good terms with the Indians, and, to enable him to meet the expense of these fur posts, he allowed him the profits that might accrue from the fur trade. In May, 1731, La Verendrye signed a deed of partnership with a few business men who advanced him the merchandise and outfit required for his expedition.

He and his able lieutenants left Montreal in June, 1731, and carried out the instructions received about building Fort St. Pierre on Rainy river in 1731 (two miles east of Fort Frances), and Fort St. Charles on the Lake of the Woods in 1732.

It was whilst stationed at this latter post that La Verendrye was visited by seventy Indians from Lake Winnipeg, headed by six chiefs. Their arrival was quite an event, being the first that came to him from that lake, which he intended visiting. Consequently, he did his utmost to give them a royal welcome. He distributed amongst them thirty pounds of gunpowder, forty pounds of shot, two hundred flints, thirty packages tobacco, twenty axes and sixty knives. He assured them that he was pleased to see them, and if they followed his instructions he would bring them what they needed, but hoped they would show their appreciation by bringing all their furs to him instead of to the English at York fort on Hudson Bay. They remained at the fort for seven days, enjoying the hospitality of the French, and left highly pleased.

On February 15th, four Crees, acting as messengers for a chief of Lake Winnipeg, called upon La Verendrye at Fort St. Charles, asking to favour them by sending a party to settle on their lands on the shores of Lake Winnipeg; which he promised to do on condition that they would provide him a guide to show them the way to their country. They were not long before they were back again, for in March two guides, dispatched by their chief, appeared at the fort and begged of him to keep his promise.

On March 9th, two Frenchmen left with those guides. On May 11th, 1734, the two men who had been sent to Lake Winnipeg returned in company with a chief and eighteen Indians. The Frenchmen reported that the best place to build a fort, on account of its proximity to all the Indians, was two days' journey down the lake to the southwest and at the mouth of the Red river, that in that place white oak was plentiful as well as large timber.

The chief told him that he had reported to the governor at Fort York that the French intended settling on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and he replied that as they were brethren he could not see why they should not get on well together, also that it took the Indians ten days to go to the bay and twenty days to return.

La Verendrye made the chief some presents, and promised that he would go and settle on the Red river amongst his people.

On the 18th June, he sent three canoes with twelve men under Cartier, one of his trading partners, with orders "to make for Lake Winnipeg without delay, and from there to the mouth of the Red river." He was to build a small fort about an acre square on a plan which he furnished. He also requested him to tell the Indians that his son would arrive there at the end of August moon.

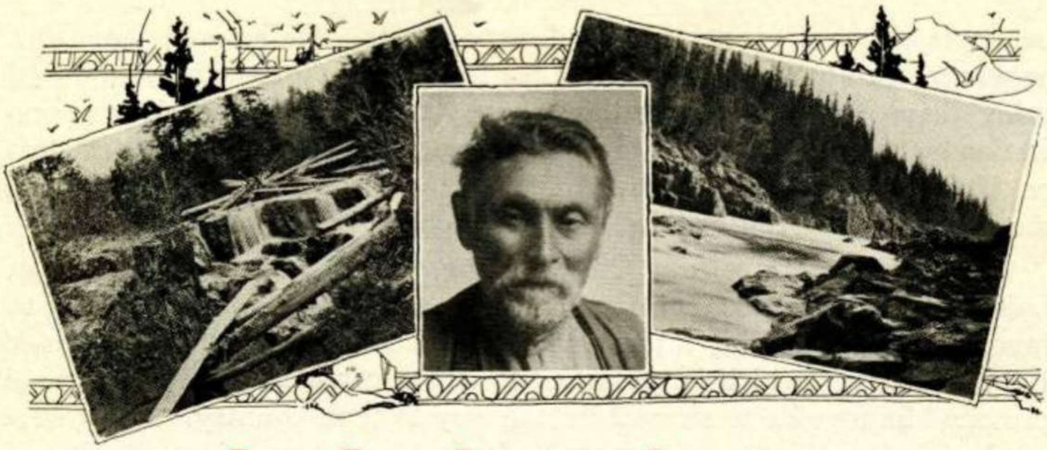
This fort, which was named "Fourche aux Roseaux," was erected about fifteen miles from the lake, but, to please the Indians who complained that it was too far from Lake Winnipeg, Fort Maurepas was built in the autumn of the same year.

In June, 1736, the builder, Jean Baptiste La Verendrye (along with nineteen of his followers and Father Aulneau), was massacred by a band of Sioux warriors on an island about eighteen miles from Fort St. Charles.

❧

Our Cover Picture

Our cover picture in this issue is elaborated from a drawing by N. M. Hepburn, which the artist kindly sent to us.



La Loche to the Sea

By H. M. S. COTTER, Cumberland House

SCATTERED along the old water routes westward from Hudson Bay are remnants of a band of men once numerous and who in their day formed the backbone of a system of transportation which, before the advent of the railway, was wonderfully organized.

For one hundred years, merchandise was carried inland from the great entrepot of York Factory by canoes and later by York boats. After reaching Lake Winnipeg, several routes were taken, but that following the Saskatchewan river proper to its upper waters and another leaving the Saskatchewan valley at Cumberland House and leading through lakes and streams to the upper reaches of the Churchill river and finally to the height of land and the watershed of streams flowing to Lake Athabasca were the longest and most important.

From Portage la Loche, 1500 feet above sea level, to York Factory the distance in a direct line is 650 miles, but by the route followed by the old voyageurs the distance is roughly 1400 miles.

It is said there are seventy-five portages on this traverse, varying from a few yards to four miles in length. The trip from the height of land to salt water occupied from forty to forty-five days; the boats going out and following the currents were comparatively light, laden only with furs. The journey back was made in from sixty to seventy-five days.

About 1879 or 1880 saw the last of the brigades of boats going out of York from this direction. During the long period the route was in operation, there came into being men who spent their whole lives toiling over this famous highway, so little known yet an artery of the first importance, as more tonnage came over this route than any other in the Hudson's Bay territories of the time. British army officials and noted Arctic explorers followed this beaten track of the fur traders.

The long hours and strenuous work of transport called for men in robust health. A mere handful of these old voyageurs remain, and all have passed the age of three-score-and-ten. Our insert shows Louis Jourdain, an old voyageur, now seventy-six years of age.

Two Minutes

By ARABUS

"HOW goes the time, mate?"

"Two minutes yet!" answered the one addressed.

Thousands of people are assembled, for it is the anniversary of Armistice Day, probably the most notable day in the history of mankind; with its two minutes' silence, the most impressive two minutes of all that are ticked away by Father Time.

Precisely at 11 a.m. a trumpeter takes two paces forward, blows a warning note, and heads are bowed and bared to November's chilly wind. Two minutes of silence! Not long, but long enough for some to cover many miles and to visit such places as Ypres, Festubert, Neuve Chapelle, Arras, The Somme, Vimy, Cambrai, and many other now historic battlefields. They see once more that long line of khaki, the trenches with their sand-bagged parapets and barbed-wire entanglements. Once more they hear the thunderous roar of artillery and the continuous rat-tat-tat of machine gun and rifle fire, the whine of bullets, the hungry crump of the heavier shells.

Men come up, but only some of them go back.

Others, as they stand bare-headed, remember another two minutes, minutes that seemed eternity, and to some meant eternity—the two minutes prior to *zero hour*. Then "over the top" and——

Out in the centre of the khaki-lined square, the padre is praying: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name——" His voice sounds strangely muffled and far away.

"God! but this is Hell!"

"See if there is anyone in that dugout! Get them up or bomb them to——."

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven——."

"Add 50! —— Add 100! ——"

"No. 3 gun, five minutes more right! ——"

"For Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen."

The man who asked the time is deathly pale, but his eyes are strangely bright. Another man, with only one leg, is perspiring profusely, despite the cold wind.

Heads are bared once more as the trumpeter sounds the Last Post, the notes of which search the innermost thoughts.

The band plays the National Anthem, then there is a shouting of orders, rattling of arms, and the troops move off, while the crowd disperses in many directions.

"Say, mate, here's one guy that's thankful he got out of that show alive! Have a fag!"

1914-1919

In Honour of all Men of the Hudson's Bay Company Who Served in the Great War, and in Memory of Those Who Gave Their Lives in the Cause.

Abbott, G. K.
Adams, C. E.
Adams, H. M. V.
Adams, J.
Allford, W.
Amati-Smith, P. N.
Anderson, A.
Anderson, E. L.
Anderson, W.
Anscomb, B.
*Armstrong, J.
Arron, H.
Atkinson, J. A.
*Athwell, S. A.
Atwell, A. R.
Audley, G.
Austin, A.
Austin, D. W.
Avery, R. E.

Bailey, C. A.
Baker, H. P.
Balfour, W. J.
Bamlet, R.
Barker, J. G.
Barrett, H. A.
Bartlett, A.
Bates, C.
Bateson, J. M.
*Beak, W. J.
Beatty, A.
Beatty, J.
Belcher, H. L.
Benger, A. W.
Bennion, H. C.
Berens, R.
Bevington, E. J.
Beynes, N. E.
Birtles, E. G.
Black, W.
Blackhall, J. S.
*Blackie, A. F.
Bladworth, G. A.
Blake, W. J.
*Bland, P. C.
*Booth, T.
Bottomley, H.
Bowen, C. C.
Bozson, W.
Brabant, F. E.
*Bradford, H.
Bradley, G. H.
Brewer, H. W.
Briscoe, —
Brock, A.
Brockwell, A. A.
Brome, F.
Brown, J.
Brown, L. W.
Brown, R.A.
Browne, H. H.
Bucknam, A. V.
*Bundey, A. A.
Burbidge, S.
Butler, F. C.
Byrne, T.
Byron, W. A.
Bywell, C.

Caldwell, J. F.
Campbell, J. J.
Campbell, S. R.
Candy, G.
Carradas, C.
Carroll, E. M.
*Carson, W. F.
*Carswell, W. J.
Carter, H. E. R.
Case, A.
Caslake, S. D.
Chalmers, A. M.
Chambers, E.
*Chapman, W. M.
*Chatterton, W. E.
*Chickwick, J.
Chiverton, F.
Child, A. J.
Christie, J.
Clark, A. S.
Clarke, S. B.
Claxton, T.
Close, C.
Coghill, H. L.
*Coleman, C. J.
Coles, J. C.
Collins, L. J.
Conacher, J. D.
Coney, J. N.
Cook, J. W.
Coote, L.
Cordell, A.
*Cornell, A.
Cornwall, W.
Coulter, D.
*Cowper, G. B.
*Cox, O.
Cracknell, F.
Croft, T.
Cunningham, F.
Cunningham, R. A.
Cumming, A. B.
Currie, W. H.
Cuthbert, A. J.

Davidson, W.
Davis, D. J.
Davis, E. O.
*Davis, F. H.
Davis, S.
Davis, W.
Deacon, R.
Debenham, D.
Delaney, J. C.
Dewar, H.
*Doe, F. H.
Douglas, A.
Douglas, R.
Dowty, A. B.
Doyle, H.
Drennan, W.
Drew, J. R.
Duffield, C.
Dunn, A.
Durand, A. A.

Earle, W. E.
Edwards, G.
Edwards, H. J.
Ellis, T.
Ellison, H.
Ensor, W. H.
Espie, P.
Evans, J.
Evans, W. H.

Fairs, S. E.
Ferguson, A.
Fergusson, P. J.
Ferrier, W. M.
Fildes, G. C.
Finnson, N.
Fish, J.
Fleming, E. W.
Florence, I.
Floyd, E.
Forbes, J. D. J.
*Fordyce, A.
*Foster, J.
*Foster, W.
Fowler, A.
Fowles, F.
Fox, R.
Fraser, D. E.
Frayer, L. W.
*Furber, W.

Gant, H. P. H.
Gavin, J.
*Gell, E.
*Gemmell, W. H.
Georgenson, A. G.
Gerratt, J. C.
Gillies, T.
*Goddard, A. S.
*Godfrey, J.
Gordon, E.
Gordon, E.
Gordon, E. O.
*Gorman, W. J. K.
Gould, G.
Green, J. M.
Greenhorn, A.
Gregory, G.
Griffin, C.
Grogan, W.
Grosvenor, M.
Groves, W.

Haight, E. J.
*Haight, G.
Haight, H. E.
Halliwell, A. P.
Hall, J. C.
Hamilton, C. R.
Hammett, T.
Hanson, A. V. E.
Hardie, A.
Hardy, A.
Harland, A.
Harman, H. F.
Harrison, G. H.
Harthan, E. B.
Harvey, G.
Hayden, G.
Hayden, W.
Headley, N. H.
Heath, F. E.
Heath, H.
Herbert, E.
Herbert, L.
Hermann, C. E.
Heron, R.
*Highgate, W.
Hill, C. T.
Hodkisson, H. A. A.
Hodgkinson, S.
Hodgkins, H.
Hodgson, A. B.
Holliday, H. E.
*Holmes, R.
Holstrom, D.
Horspoll, R. W.
Hoskins, E. R.
Howland, N. A.
Hughes, E.
Hughes, O. G.
Hunter, R.
Hunter, W. R.
Hutchins, H. M.
Hutchinson, R. H

Ingleson, H.
Inkster, J. L.

Jackson, C. F.
Jamieson, W. S.
Jeffries, A.
Jenner, S.
Jennings, G. F. W.
Jobson, G.
Johnson, C.
Johnson, H. S.
Jones, A. S.
Jones, D.
Jones, H.
*Jones, H. S.
Jordan, W. H.
Jorgenson, A. G.
Joyce, J. B.

Kane, R.
Karn, D.
Keele, A. H.
King, A. J.
Kingshott, W.
Kitchen, J.
*Knott, A.

Landier, M.
Lane, W.
Lambert, E.
Langford, W.
*Laroque, C.
Laroque, J. J.
Laughton, J.
Lawson, J. K.

Leaney, R. H.
Learmonth, D. H.
Learmonth, L. A.
Ledingham, J.
Leiper, C.
*Lester, W.
Lewis, H.
*Lewis, W. A.
Little, L. R.
*Lloyd, G.
Lockey, G.
Logan, H.
Lonie, J. W.
Lovatt, H.
Love, W.
*Lyon, B.
Lyons, A. J.

Mack, G. E.
*Maclean, E. L.
Macphee, W. S.
MacVicar, J.
Margarson, J.
Mark, J.
Marsden, T.
*Martin, A. H.
Masters, H. I.
Mather, F.
Mathews, H. M.
May, F.
May, J. C.
Maycock, L. B.
Maxwell, R.
McAndrews, J.
McAra, M. J. A.
McBain, T. C. T.
McCallum, H. A.
McCarthy, D. J.
McClure, A. B.
McCoubrey, D.
McCormick, D.
McCrae, W.
McCreadie, S.
McDermott, J.
*McDermott, L.
*McDonald, D.
McDonald, V. M.
McDonald, W.
McDowell, J. R.
*McGinnis, P.
McGregor, R. C.
*McKay, D.
*McKeller, D. R.
McKenzie, W.
McKenzie, J.
McKenzie, J.
McKenzie, K. N. B.
McKinley, A. R.
McKinnell, J.
*McLean, C. S.
*McLennan, G.
McLeod, F.
McLeod, J. A.
McLeod, P. B.
McLeod, R.
McMillan, H. F.
McMillan, J. L.
McPhee, A. J.
McPhie, A.
*McSwiney, F. D.
*McWilliams, W.
Meade, W.
Meadows, G. D.
Melven, J.
Metcalf, J. W.
Miller, H.
Miller, T.
Mills, J. A.
*Milne, W.
*Mitchel, A. S.
Mitchel, G.
Montgomery, J. B.
Moore, H. L.
Moore, T. G.
Morin, R.
Morris, D.
Morrison, B.
Morrison, J.
Morton, L. R.
Munns, W.
*Murphy, F.

Naylor, D.
Neal, W.
Neill, J.
Newman, D.
Nicholls, V.
Nicholson, F.
Noxam, W. H.
Noye, P.

O'Brien, J.
Oliphant, G. L.
Olsen, J. M.

*Page, L.
Palmer, H. J.
Park, J. W.
Parker, C. S.
Parker, J. S.
Parker, H.
Parker, W. R.
Paton, J.
Patrick, D.
Partridge, S. H.
Peacock, B.
Pearce, W.
Pearson, W.
Penwarden, J.
Petty, H. N.
Phillips, A.
Phillips, G. L.
Plews, W.
Plowman, P.
Poole, S. R.
Porteous, W. H.
Powell, F.
Powling, F.
Pugsley, E. U.
Purvis, J.

*Rawson, E. D.
Reeve, F. R.
Reid, S. W.
Renouf, E.
*Revill, J. A.
Reynolds, A. B.
Reynolds, A. C. F.
*Richards, E. C.
*Richards, J. W.
Richardson, F. C. G.
Richmond, J. W.
Riddell, J. L.
Ridley, S. D.
Rines, L.
*Risbridger, H. G.
Ritchie, J.
Ritchie, W. M.
Roberts, G.
Roberts, R..W.
Robertson, F. R.
*Robertson, J.
Robinson, A. H.
Robinson, W.
Roche, F. C.
Rome, J. R.
Ronan, A.
Roper, E.
Rose, B. J.
*Ross, J.
Rossi, J.
*Roy, J.
Roy, L.
Ryall, S. G.
Ryder, A. S.

*Salter, A. S.
Scanlan, H. J. T.
Scorer, R. R.
Scott, D.
Scott, J.
Scriver, A.
Seal, J. K.
*Searle, G.
Seaton, T.
Sewell, P. E. H.
Shindler, A. Van T.
Shirley, G.
Sim, E.
Simpson, T.
Sinclair, M.
Sisson, W. J.
Skeel, J.
Skuce, K. C.
Smith, F. W.
Smith, P. G.
Speed, R. C.
*Speight, A. N.
Speirs, A. C.
Sprague, E. A.
Stagles, C.
*Standon, V. E.
Star, J. W.
Stedham, A. V.
Stewart, D.
Stewart, J. G.
*Stewart, W. H.
Stone, P. A.
Stone, R. R.
Stratton, W.
Sullivan, —
*Sutton, J. H.
Sutherland, E.
Swaffield, W.
Swain, W.
*Swanson, J.

Taylor, W.
Thompson, W.
Thompson, W. L.
Tittle, F. T.
Treadwell, H. W.
*Tree, G.
Tremearne, G.
Tresize, T.
Trowse, H.
Turner, F. G.
Turner, J.
Turner, S.
Turtle, E. L.
Twyford, H. A. W.

Upton, S.

Vanner, W.
Vincent, L.

Waine, R. H.
*Walker, C. A.
Warren, J. A.
Warren, L. G.
Watling, F. W.
*Watson, J. H.
Watt, H. B. C.
Wedlock, G.
*Welch, W. H.
Wellstead, R. P.
*Westerberg, N.
Weston, W.
Wheildon, R. S.
*White, A. E.
White, G. J.
White J. H.
Wilkinson, R. H.
Wilkinson, T.
Will, W. B.
Williams, E. W.
Williamson, H. B.
Willis, F.
Wilmot, J. H. A.
Wilson, C. G.
Wilson, F. A.
Wilson, J.
Wilson, H.
Wilson, W.
Winslow, D. W.
Witteridge, W. H.
Wolsten, E. D.
Wood, D.
*Wood, E. F.
Woodman, T.
Woolison, H. L.
Woolison, J. G.
*Worrall, J.
*Wortley, J. S.

Young, F. S.
Young, J. W.
Younger, D.

*Died in the service of his Country

Several lists have already been published in The Beaver. giving, as far as was known, the names of those in the Company's service who went overseas and served in the Great War, 1914-1919.

Corrections and additions to these lists were solicited and many have been sent in. The above is the most accurate and complete yet printed, but it is felt that there are still some inaccuracies and omissions. A very careful perusal of this list, by any who served or who had relatives or friends who, while in the Company's employment, had served overseas is requested.

Special attention is drawn to the names Briscoe and Sullivan, for which initials are required.

Any information that will make this list more complete will be greatly appreciated by the Editor of The Beaver, 79 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

News from Stores, Posts and Branches

British Columbia and Southern Alberta

The past year has witnessed an extensive forward movement by the Company, and I know it is the hope of all of us that the great faith which the Company has displayed in the future of our fair Dominion will be amply rewarded during the year 1926 and succeeding years. The greatest result can only be achieved through close co-operation and unflinching attention to duty on our part, and I am indeed grateful to the staffs of the British Columbia and Southern Alberta stores who, by their untiring efforts, have done so much to further the interests of the Company.

I would like to express my sincere wish that Christmas 1925 may be a time of rejoicing and happiness and that the coming year will bring prosperity to all in the Company's service.

P. J. PARKER
General Manager British Columbia and Southern Alberta Stores.

Vancouver

PRESENTATION TO H. T. LOCKYER

An interesting ceremony took place when the staff of the Hudson's Bay Company assembled in the dining-room to participate in the presentation of a handsome cabinet of silver and an illuminated address to H. T. Lockyer, upon his retirement from active service of the Company after a period of thirty-two years.

The presentation was made by P. J. Parker, the new general manager.

Referring to the extended service of Mr. Lockyer, he stated that never in any period of the Company's history had any official left the service with the honour received by Mr. Lockyer. He then read the text of the address.

"Dear Mr. Lockyer: Although we recognize that your strenuous work of thirty-two years in building up the business of the Hudson's Bay Company to its present great dimensions in this province entitles you to retirement with more opportunity for recreation, travel and rest, we nevertheless, on behalf of the whole staffs of the British Columbia stores, desire to express our deep regret at thus parting from you as general manager.

"We can not allow the occasion to pass without voicing our appreciation of the great ability and the untiring devotion with which, throughout these years, you have applied yourself to the service of the historic company of which we are all so proud. You not only impressed on us by your example a high sense of duty, but you ever kept before us a proper realization of our responsibility for maintaining the great reputation acquired by the Hudson's Bay Company during its long history of over two and a half centuries.

"Though you are retiring from the active management, we trust we shall often see you in these familiar surroundings, and that your ripe experience and wise counsel may continue to be available for the Company and for this city you have done so much to develop.

"In all these expressions we include with you Mrs. Lockyer, who has always taken a warm interest in our welfare.

"We ask you to accept from us the accompanying set of silverware as a small token of our esteem and affection.

"Wishing you every blessing, we append our names as the committee speaking for all employees of the Company's stores in British Columbia:

"Miss Currie, Miss A. K. Smith, F. S. Garner, F. R. Gant, V. W. Adams, F. Herbert, G. Crump, S. D. Wilson and W. Peppett."

Mr. Lockyer said that it had been his pleasure during his thirty-two years with the Company to officiate at a number of presentations at the retirement of officials, but it remained for him to be in the position of the one retiring to understand that on such occasions it was easier to give than to receive. He thanked the donors for the handsome present and the kindly words contained in the address.

He asked the staffs to accord the new general manager the same courtesy and devotion to duty that they had given him, pointing out the many opportunities that would be forthcoming with the completion of the store. These were only open to those who proved themselves loyal and capable.

H.B.C. TAKE OVER BUSINESS OF GORDON DRYSDALE LIMITED

The business of Gordon Drysdale Limited, including the goodwill, entire high-grade stock, store, equipment, delivery and fixtures has been transferred to the Hudson's Bay Company.

This agreement has been brought about as the result of negotiations carried on between Mr. Drysdale and Mr. P. J. Parker in behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr. Drysdale, in behalf of his firm, desires to express his thanks to the many friends who have so loyally supported his firm in past years, and trusts that in the future they will transfer their patronage and goodwill to the Hudson's Bay Company.

OPTICAL DEPARTMENT OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Robert Strain, formerly president of Strains Limited, of this city, optometrist and optician, and who has conducted a private practice in Vancouver for the past fifteen years, is in charge of our new optical department, and he extends a cordial invitation to all, whose eyes require attention, to visit him. This department is situated on the third floor in the location formerly occupied by the baggage section.

SHOWER FOR MISS WOODS

An enjoyable miscellaneous shower was held at the home of Mrs. Hodson, Wednesday evening, September 23rd, in honour of Miss Woods. Many beautiful and useful gifts were presented to the bride-to-be. Singing and dancing added much to the pleasure of the evening.

Mr. Mackie has resigned his position as buyer for the staple goods department.

Miss E. Andrews, our ready-to-wear buyer, has just returned from her second buying trip to the eastern markets.

Mrs. Sutherland, of the ready-to-wear department, who has been absent from the store for a few days owing to an injured foot, is again back on duty.

Miss Fletcher, of the art needlework department, whose marriage took place in the First Baptist Church October 22nd, was previously honoured at a surprise party given by Miss Kelly.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Mitchell, of the display. After a three months' sojourn in England, during which he enjoyed a pleasant visit with his mother and also gathered new ideas for his department, Mr. Mitchell is feeling in excellent spirits and very much renewed in health.

H.B.E.A. WINTER SPORTS

Gymnasium and Swimming Pool—Canadian Memorial gym and pool have again been engaged for the winter season. Every Wednesday evening the gymnasium is open from six to eight and the swimming pool from seven to eight-thirty. An instructor has been hired to give physical training in the gymnasium—ladies' hour from 6 to 7, men's from 7 to 8. Between seven and seven-thirty the pool is open to ladies only. After 7.30 mixed bathing is allowed. We are looking forward to a big season.

ROTARY ICE CARNIVAL

In the annual Rotary ice carnival relay race for department stores, our team took second place to Spencers Ltd.

These two teams completely outclassed their opponents, and lapped them.

H.B.E.A. girls were nattily attired in green skirts with gold sweaters and gold toques. They were the smartest appearing team on the ice.

Annie Alexander was our first skater and got off to a good start, but Spencers' best skater passed her on the first corner. After that the two teams held their positions throughout the race. E. Downes skates second position, Hutchins third position and Louise Bryant last.

We are well satisfied with the showing which our girls made.

A TOAST

(On the occasion of a departmental banquet)

To every branch of this great tree,
That shelters you and shelters me,
Let's quaff a toast, and with a song
Drink to the King—may he live long!

With quip and jest, with speech and tale,
In fellowship let us regale.
Here's to our chief! Here's to each soul!
Toast with a will! Fill high the bowl!

To comrades present, absent friends,
Drink while the curling smoke ascends;
And then one crowning toast we'll raise
To woman and her gentle ways.

O, lovely ladies! you who wait
For tardy husbands homing late;
I crave you, by your fair renown,
Forgive all these who here sit down.

So ends the feast, and if I heard
The twitter of the morning bird,
What matter? Ye have known good cheer.
Good-bye, old friends, until next year.

Mactavish—How is young Sandy getting on? He took up journalism, didn't he?

Donald—Och, aye, but they would only let him write on one side of the paper, and the waste broke his heart.—*Leeds Mercury.*

"You're lookin' bad, Wullie."

"Aye, I've been in the hospital an' the doctors have tooken awa' ma appendix."

"These doctors'll tak' onything. It's a peety ye didna have it in yer wife's name."

Victoria

ARMISTICE DAY

The usual two minutes' silence was duly observed on Armistice Day by the store employees in memory of those who fell in the Great War. Representing the Employees' Association, Mr. Richard Eaton and Miss Grace Bowden attended the special service held at the Parliament Square and laid a wreath on the War Memorial statue.

NOVEL WINDOW DISPLAY

A most picturesque and striking window display was arranged recently by the Victoria store display department in connection with the Navy League tag day. It represented a barkentine in full sail, with gaily coloured flags floating in the breeze, while a sailor boy, a real "Budding Nelson," completed the picture. The window attracted quite a lot of attention and helped to swell the proceeds for the Navy League work.

HUDSON'S BAY NIGHT AT CRYSTAL GARDENS

Not content with the wonderful success attending the monthly dances at the Alexandra Hall, the social committee of the Hudson's Bay Employees' Association has arranged with the management of the New Crystal Gardens to hold a series of special evenings for store employees. These evenings have so far proved immensely popular, not only with those who are expert swimmers, but with learners as well. Plans are already on foot to hold special galas, at which some keen contests are anticipated.

Summer has no monoply on bathing beauties, as may be seen on any Hudson's Bay employees' night at the big swimming pool. If you don't believe us, make a point of attending the next. If you don't swim you can look on and still enjoy the fun.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE

While at his summer home near Gower Point, Howe Sound, A. J. Watson, our store manager, sighted a strange object floating some 300 yards along the coast. On closer investigation, it proved to be a torpedo, little damaged by its travels in the Gulf of Georgia.

Mr. Watson immediately organized a party consisting of his sons and other lads and hauled the huge cylinder ashore. During this operation the torpedo commenced to oscillate. One member of the party noticed a gas jet from which fumes were emitting, and so, for safety's sake, they all hastily took to the woods, but, discovering that nothing happened, ventured out again.

The Torpedo

After warning all campers to keep clear, Mr. Watson walked to the nearest post office, which was four miles away, and telegraphed to the naval authorities. On ascertaining that the torpedo was harmless, it was eventually secured to a heavy log. The torpedo, which is some eighteen feet long and of the most modern type, was returned to *H.M.S. Capetown*, which had been maneuvering in that district. This remarkable find is valued at approximately $10,000.

LEAVES STORE TO TAKE UP MUSIC

Ada Wise, who has been an employee of the Victoria store since its opening over four years ago, has left for Portland, where she will continue her studies in music.

Miss Wise recently won the gold medal for singing in the Vancouver musical festival and has also secured other well deserved honours.

On the eve of her departure for Portland, she was presented with a handsome suit case, the joint gift of several of her store associates. She leaves with heartiest wishes for her future success.

ABSENT MINDED

One of our managers, who is inclined to be rather absent minded when driving his car, or at any rate is so intent upon it that he dares not move his head to one side or the other, left his wife and family standing on the street corner, and consequently they had to take the street car home. What was said to the said manager when he opened the door to his wife is not recorded, but we can imagine a whole lot.

A PROMOTION

James Martin, late of the gents' clothing department, is to be congratulated upon his appointment to the position of floor manager of the lower main floor.

SPORT

Football—Our store football team is showing up well this season, far better than the results of the matches would indicate. Out of four games played up to the time of going to press, they have won two, drawn one and lost only one. The last game played, November 4th, proved a great victory, the lads in green and gold beating the last year's champions by three to nothing.

The results of the matches were as follows: Hudson's Bay Company vs. Tillicum 1-2; Hudson's Bay Company vs. Garrison 2-2; Hudson's Bay Company vs. Navy 2-0; Hudson's Bay Company vs. Rennie and Taylor 3-0.

Basket Ball—Arrangements are now well under way for ladies' and men's teams to play in the city league. The boys have a good team and are now hard at practice. An exciting game was played on November 12th, the Hudson's Bay Company winning from St. Andrews by 26 goals to 24. The city league commences on November 16th.

NOT MUCH

"Carry your bag, sir?" enquired a small boy the other Monday morning to the head cashier, who, accompanied by the head porter, was on his way to the bank with Saturday's takings. Mr. Merryweather nearly had a fit.

Vernon

UNVEILING OF CENOTAPH

The unveiling and dedication of the cenotaph erected in memory of the men from this district who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War took place on Sunday afternoon, November the 8th, at Victoria Square. The dedication service was conducted by Reverend W. B. Willan. The mayor and other prominent citizens gave short addresses. The unveiling was in the hands of the Great War veterans. Assistant Scout Master E. A. Rendall pulled the cord at the unveiling.

Many beautiful wreaths were placed on the cenotaph by the city, military, and relatives and friends of the men whose names were inscribed on the monument. Many of Vernon's citizens took this opportunity of showing their gratitude.

Among the contributions in the *Dry Goods Economist*, issue November the 7th, was an article on "Stores Organization" by our accountant, Mr. C. C. Packman, who deals with the credit side of the work. It might be mentioned that Mr. Packman was awarded first and second prizes in connection with the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary competition.

During the showing of the picture of the "Iron Horse," in which is depicted Hudson's Bay trading posts and the early pioneer days of the Company and C.P.R., Manager W. Maddin, of the Empress Theatre, extended an invitation to every member of the staff, wives, and sweethearts, to see this picture.

Preparations are now in full swing for our "Department Managers' Sale," which commences on Friday, November the 20th. The staff is looking to a successful sale.

E. J. Lanceley, manager of the Kamloops store, visited this branch during October in connection with the placing of English orders for spring, in conjunction with Vernon purchases. Mrs. Lanceley accompanied her husband and renewed acquaintanceships.

Alice Wakefield, who has held the position of cashier for several years, left during August to take unto herself a husband, and is now residing at Acme, Alberta. Before leaving Vernon, Miss Wakefield was the recipient of many useful gifts from members of the staff and friends.

Phyllis Ripley, who has been a member of the staff for a period of six years, and for the past three years first assistant in the dress goods and silk department, has been transferred to the Vancouver store. Miss Ripley will be greatly missed by a large number of customers, with whom she was a particular favourite, also by the staff at this branch. We wish her every success in her new field of work.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The manager and staff of the Vernon branch take this opportunity of extending to every employee in the Company's service Christmas greetings and wishes for a happy and prosperous 1926.

Kamloops

The high price of potatoes is not worrying our store farmers, Moulder and Whale.

Our milliner, M. Barr, won the ladies' championship of the Kamloops golf club on Thanksgiving Day.

We are pleased to welcome F. Bream as a member of our staff, assisting in the house furnishings department; also Olive Hill as our new cashier.

Ruby Miller, our store cashier, was married to F. Trimball on October 23rd. A miscellaneous shower was held for her at the home of Mrs. D. Miller. We all join in wishing her every happiness.

HUSBANDS BEAT THEIR WIVES

In a recent game of bowls between the following teams, the men proved victors by two points: M. J. Moulder, E. J. Lanceley, C. Sells, T. Calderhead (skip), *vs.* Mrs. E. J. Lanceley, Mrs. M. J. Moulder, Miss F. Littlewood, Mrs. C. Sells (skip).

Calgary

HARVEST SALE

Our annual harvest sale opened on Tuesday, October 27th, and closed on Saturday, November 14th. The opening days of the sale drew large crowds of people. Better results however would have been secured had the country people been able to get in to Calgary, but as there has been a fall of four feet of snow since September the roads at times were bad.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus is having the time of his life in making the journey to Santaland, Calgary, this year. At the invitation of the Company, he is making a stop at some of the Company's fur posts on his 2000-mile journey. The story of his coming is interesting for both old and young.

Santa Claus sends a radio message from the different posts as he visits them, telling about his progress en route and treatment he receives from the manager and his wife at the various trading posts. His messages are broadcasted over the radio every night and followed up the next day in the Company's advertisement, which shows a map, pointing out his stops.

There is a reception planned at the big Capitol theatre on Santa's arrival in Calgary. There will be three shows, featuring a little play, dancing by the children, and a funny picture in the morning, lasting one hour.

As in previous years, Santa will also hold his children's tea parties in the afternoons at the store, where the children will be entertained and treated to ice cream and candies. Another feature is that Santa has his own post office and mailing box in Santaland, where the children receive and mail their letters. A great time is planned for the children in Santaland this coming Christmas season.

GROCETERIA

On Saturday, October 31st, we opened our new groceteria in the basement; one of the largest and most modern of its kind in western Canada, covering an area of almost 7000 square feet. This department is under the management of R. J. Frizzle, who was the founder of the Frico stores in Calgary. The department has started out strongly and promises to be a big success.

STORE ALTERATIONS

The alterations and renovations which have been under way at the Calgary store during the past five months are now completed. The store has been painted outside and inside, ceilings kalsomined and a real improvement in the appearance of the store throughout has been accomplished.

We are pleased to welcome to our staff J. S. Mandley, of Toronto, who is now manager of our china department.

During October, our delivery department had to contend with exceptional conditions owing to heavy falls of snow.

The grocery wholesale, under the management of Harry Maddison, is making big strides towards securing a real volume wholesale grocery business.

GENERAL NEWS

C. A. Plows, furniture buyer at Calgary, left on November 26th for the eastern markets, accompanied by Mr. Townsend, of the Vancouver store. He will make special purchases for our February furniture sale.

J. G. Sprunt, our veteran floorman, has just completed fifteen years' service with the Company without a break of one hour from business, and has never been late on a single occasion.

E. Nicholson has been appointed manager of our staples and wash goods department. Mr. Nicholson is well-known throughout the Hudson's Bay Company's stores, as he was formerly buyer in the staple department of Vancouver store.

L. G. Cooke, who joined our staff fourteen months ago as manager of our silk, dress goods and staple departments, has recently been appointed merchandise manager of the Calgary store. In addition to his new duties, Mr. Cooke will retain his position as manager of the silk and dress goods departments.

SENATOR LOUGHEED

Regret is expressed by the Hudson's Bay Company at the death recently of Senator Lougheed, who, while well-known nationally and internationally, still retained a profound interest in the affairs of Calgary, in which city he made his home. Through his demise Canada has lost a statesman, Calgary has lost one of its best citizens, and the Hudson's Bay Company a real friend.

Lethbridge

We welcome T. B. Thomas Peter, who has arrived to assume the duties of accountant in place of D. Robertson, who is shortly leaving us to be transferred to the accounts branch of Winnipeg head office. We also welcome Mr. Yeoman, who recently joined the dry goods department staff.

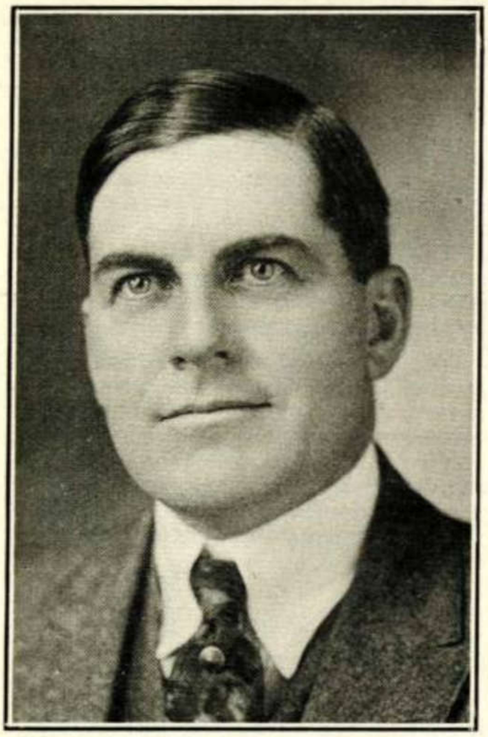
Manitoba Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta

I wish to thank all those employees of the Company in the Manitoba-Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta zone who are doing so much to add to the increasing success of the Company's business both in the stores and in the wholesale departments, and I too wish everyone concerned a happy Christmas and a prosperous new year.

W. H. COOKE, *General Manager*
Manitoba-Saskatchewan and
Northern Alberta Stores.

* * *

Edmonton



INTRODUCING MR. F. E. DYNES

The selection of Mr. Dynes as manager of the Edmonton store is a happy one. A local man with eight years' merchandising experience in Chicago, two and a half years in Minneapolis and eight years in Edmonton, Mr. Dynes brings to his new position exceptional qualifications.

DINNER TO DEPARTMENT MANAGERS

The department managers will not soon forget the delightful dinner and thoroughly enjoyable evening at the MacDonald hotel Friday, November 6th, at which Mr. W. H. Cooke, general manager Manitoba-Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta stores, was host and introduced Mr. F. E. Dynes, the new manager of the Edmonton store.

SANTA CLAUS

Jasper Avenue from 109th Street to 97th Street was crowded with happy, laughing children on Saturday, November 14th, the occasion being the arrival of Santa Claus to make his headquarters at the H.B.C. Mounted police provided a safe escort for the elaborately decorated float from which Santa Claus extended greetings. A gaily dressed herald announced Santa Claus, while music provided by the Citizens' and 49th Regimental bands added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Santa Claus made his first appearance in the store on Monday.

TOYTOWN

"Looks better than ever," was the general comment regarding the toy department, which was opened on Saturday, November 14th. The carefully thought-out arrangement provides excellent display and accommodation for large crowds. Santa Claus' post office, located in Toytown, is a big attraction. Santa appears each day from 10.30 to 12 noon and from 2.30 to 5 o'clock. The children write to Santa Claus, leaving their letters at his post office, and he answers every one of them.

JASPER AVENUE ANNEX

With the opening on Saturday, November 14th, of the Jasper Avenue annex (five doors east of the main store), another step has been taken to provide better shopping facilities for the people of Edmonton. Men's and boys' shoes, tobaccos, cigars, etc., will be sold in the new Jasper Avenue annex.

HARVEST SALE

A new sales record was established by our Harvest Sale, October 31st to November 7th. The results were made possible through untiring efforts and close co-operation.

A SERIOUS UNDERTAKING

A borough council was discussing the wages of the cemetery superintendent, when the council's firebrand said, "I guess this question has been resurrected often enough already. Let us bury it for good."

The Mayor—"I object to the worthy member's remarks. Besides, this is not a subject for punning; the matter is far too grave."

Saskatoon

BY THE WAY

A few brief months ago I was (as I thought) firmly entrenched in the Winnipeg store, having been there nearly fourteen years, but by a wave of Mr. Cooke's magic wand, I woke up one morning in Saskatoon. Winnipeg had grown to be almost a part and parcel of my being, although I first saw daylight in that smoky old corner, sometimes referred to as London, where the king lives. Elbert Hubbard once wrote, "When you work for a man, boost him all you can; but after you have quit, knock him if you want to." The same might be said of towns. When in a town, boost it, and after one has left knock it. Now such is not my desire; but I do intend to boost Saskatoon, to the extent that a person might think that there is no such place as Winnipeg, or even "the smoky corner." First of all, I want to tell where Saskatoon is. It is right near the Hudson's Bay Company's store; in fact, it was built all around the store. One's first impression, upon entering the Saskatoon store, is that of compactness and general tidiness, the stocks being very well arranged for display. Then one gradually senses the general buoyancy of the staff, and the loyalty to the management and the Company, showing a very high morale that is a tremendous asset in business. A general regard seems to prevail, and long may it remain so. We have been doing some extensive advertising this fall, using as much as two full pages two and three times a week, and occasionally going into three full pages; and the large increase in volume of business has more than justified the extra space used. The annual harvest sale was given much prominence, every department getting a good representation in the advertising, and the general result was a very substantial increase in business; not in spots, but generally speaking. Following right on the heels of the harvest sale was the big silk sale, which brought large crowds to the store, showing a handsome increase in volume. Then we came along strongly with the shoe department, giving that department a full page of advertising to itself for the opening day of the shoe sale, resulting in the biggest individual day's business in that department since the Company established itself in Saskatoon. And so on along the line, each line of goods getting its due amount of show, with the same good results, making a substantial increase in the total volume to date. Winnipeg is called the *Gateway to the West*. Well, I would like to say that Saskatoon is the West after you have gone through the little gateway. Look for another boost in the next issue!—*J. E. Jones*.

LIVE WIRES IN THE RADIO

On election evening a dinner was served in the lunch room, and the election results were received on our especially installed radio. "Fada" five-tube neutrodyne and five loud speakers were used.

A welcome return was extended to L. Foran, who left on August 15th for an extended leave to recuperate.

C. H. Fair, our manager, and the general staff of the Saskatoon store wish to extend to the governor, his colleagues, and all members of the Company's services, far and near, a right good merry Christmas and prosperous new year.

J. P. McNichol, our late advertising manager, on leaving the store to take up his new duties in Edmonton, was presented with a silver tea set as a mark of esteem from his fellow workers. Mr. Fair eloquently touched upon the difficult task of saying farewell, to which Mr. McNichol feelingly replied.

J. E. Smith is taking hold in his new position as manager of the silks, dress goods and staples at Saskatoon store, having arrived from Winnipeg store early in October. He wishes to thank all his friends in the Winnipeg store for their good wishes and kindly expressions of goodwill upon his leaving Winnipeg.

Mr. Sutherland was the recipient of a farewell supper and presentation of a silver tea set on the occasion of his leaving Saskatoon store for Edmonton. Mr. Fair emphasized the good fortune of the Edmonton store in securing the services of Mr. Sutherland and the loss to Saskatoon. These sentiments were general throughout the gathering.

TENNIS

After a season enjoyed by everybody, our tennis was brought to a successful conclusion on Wednesday, September 30th, when visitors were given the opportunity of witnessing some smart performances in the keen competition for honours in the tournament.

The following players entered the finals in the different events.

Ladies' singles—A. Rankin won from M. Turnbull, 6-1.

Men's singles—L. R. Barnett won from O. S. Wakeford, 9-7.

Ladies' doubles—H. Fountain and A. Rankin won from V. Conley and M. Schultz, 6-3.

Men's doubles—O. S. Wakeford and R. A. C. Johnson won from J. C. Stevenson and H. Mirtle, 6-0.

Mixed doubles—Miss A. Rankin and Mr. C. McCollough won from Miss H. Fountain and Mr. L. R. Barnett, 6-1.

The excitement of the afternoon was followed by a very enjoyable musical evening at the home of Jean Meech by kind invitation of Mrs. Meech. A very dainty lunch was served, during which the prizes were awarded to the winners of the tournament.

It is felt that great headway has been made in tennis, considering that a start was not made until comparatively late in the season.

The sincere thanks of all players are extended to "Bob" Ballantyne for keeping the scores and his general good work in connection with the tennis club.

The committee is now considering the proposal to flood the court during the winter in order that we may have a skating rink of our own.—*R.A.C.J.*

Tomorrow

Tomorrow! It's the biggest day of the year! Did you ever stop to think that today's work is tomorrow's profit and that everything you do today is done for tomorrow? You work today for tomorrow's pay envelope; you make candy today for the sales department to sell tomorrow.

You save money today against the needs of tomorrow's emergency. All our lives we have been living for tomorrow. But the whole trouble is, we too often live so strongly and so completely in our tomorrows that we forget the fact that *today* is the tomorrow of yesterday. How does *today* stack up with your dreams, ideals and ambitions of yesterday? If it doesn't measure up, perhaps something is wrong. Make a little analysis and nine times out of ten you will find that it is all due to the fact that you didn't do today's work right. If you did, your tomorrow would be all right.—*The Bullock Way.*

Making a Sale

Add to one average customer an assortment of stylish models; place together in a fitting room; mix well with capability, a willing disposition, and a generous amount of attention; add a heaping cupful of tact, a spoonful of sugar, and a dash of intuition; stir with enthusiasm until the sales point is reached, and garnish with a cheerful smile.—Taken from *The Bullock Way.*

Yorkton

A NARROW ESCAPE

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa, so gay,
Hitched up his reindeer and started away.
His big bag was full, overflowing the top,
And his reindeer rushed on with a hip and a hop.

And where was he going? Ah, you ought to know.
He was heading for Yorkton, far over the snow.
And just at the time he was nearing his goal
He glanced at his sack—and discovered a hole.

Yes, a hole that was large, and a hole that was wide.
Half frightened, he cautiously peeped inside.
His face it turned white; his features turned wan:
For his toy sack was empty; his fine toys were gone.

Old Santa, he wept; he was far, far from home.
He jumped in his sleigh and he started to roam.
But his reindeer thus cried as he darted away,
"Oh, master, why don't you just visit the Bay."

And, all of a sudden, a laugh filled the air.
Old Santa, he danced like a circus clown's bear.
"Hurrah," Santa cried from his big reindeer sleigh.
"I will take your advice, I will visit the Bay."

"For their quality's fine, and their prices are low;
And their service is better than any I know.
I can fill up my sack, I can hasten away,
And all will find presents when dawns Christmas day."

So saying, he rushed to the Hudson's Bay store,
And he filled up his sack with presents galore.
Then, after remaining an hour or so,
He started off whistling over the snow.

Now, people, why don't you take Santa's advice
And visit the Bay when you want your gifts nice?
For their quality's best, and their prices are low.
Come, follow the crowd! to the Bay let us go!

—*Cyril E. Louth.*

Winnipeg Retail

H.B.C TOYTOWN

Toytown opened this year with greater bustle and stir than ever. The date, November 7th, was thought by some to be too early, but what a crowd of children came! Children to the right, children to the left, kiddies in front, kiddies behind, underfoot, overhead, they swarmed everywhere. More than 10,000 came to see Santa Claus, who received them in a little snow hut and gave each one a gift of a toy—at least he gave more than 8,000 toys away, then his supply became exhausted.

To eliminate too much congestion, it has been decided to charge ten cents admission, the child to receive a toy of real value. This is in line with the policy in force in all the bigger stores in the States.

The teaser campaign, to tell about Santa Claus coming, must have been widely read. It consisted of a picture of Santa Claus driving a huge sleigh crammed with toys, drawn by a team of six galloping reindeer. A little part of the picture appeared each day in our advertisement until the whole was completed. All children who kept the series received a gift, and thousands went to the trouble of collecting the entire series. Several prizes were given for the best coloured pictures.

Such stunts as these, while simple in themselves, sometimes bring surprising results. They undoubtedly have value in directing eyes toward the store at special times like Christmas and anniversary.

BUYERS' MOVEMENTS

These are busy days for Winnipeg store buyers, and there is not a week but one or two are away either east or west on the trail of fresh ammunition for their various selling forces.

A. T. G. Farquhar has been placed in charge of the silks and staples department of Saskatoon and Edmonton in addition to Winnipeg and, since returning from Europe in August, has spent a deal of his time at Edmonton and Saskatoon reorganizing these departments. Roberts and Lockey, of Edmonton, have been transferred from there to the Winnipeg store and are now in charge of silks and staples respectively.

Eric Smith, late assistant to A. T. G. Farquhar at Winnipeg, was transferred to Saskatoon in September to take charge of silks and staples.

Since her return from the Old Country in August from a buying trip, Miss Woodhead has spent a considerable time away in eastern markets this fall. Her department, ready-to-wear, is enjoying a good season.

Mrs. Sperry, of the corset department, was recently placed in charge of the ladies' underwear departments of Winnipeg and Saskatoon, and has spent considerable efforts in reorganization. Mrs. Sperry has also spent some little time at Saskatoon and Edmonton.

CHINA

The china department, under Mr. Whyte, continues to attract increased business. This quarter of the store is becoming noted for good values and should get a large share of the Christmas gift shoppers' patronage. Mr. Whyte recently spent a day or two at Saskatoon and Edmonton.

MILLINERY

Miss Kitching, head of the millinery salon, visited New York and eastern centres during October, returning with a wealth of ideas and many stunning new hats for her winter opening exhibit, which successfully took place November 19th. Prior to that, several big sales of millinery stirred things up in the realm of headwear.

FURNITURE, DRAPERIES AND RUGS

R. P. Farquhar, buyer for furniture, draperies and rugs, has made two trips east this fall, each time returning with some notable buys. In September he purchased the entire exhibition suites of McLagan furniture that were shown at the Toronto exhibition. Business in furniture has been excellent this fall and several important bedding sales have brought good results.

MEN'S CLOTHING

The men's shop is forging ahead, and, judging by the hundreds of overcoats sold this year, and taking it for granted that other articles of wearing apparel for males are going out just as fast, Mr. Coulter has reason to feel pleased. Early in November he had to take a flying trip east to replenish his overcoat stock, and returned with several hundreds both for men and boys, which are now selling rapidly. The department is splendidly ready for the busy Christmas season in the way of fine furnishings.

FUR

Hudson's Bay fur garment department, due to a change of policy in merchandising, is enjoying the best season's business for many a year. Perhaps this is as it should be, for H.B.C. furs have a wonderful reputation back of them. The demand from the tourist trade last summer was very large, and bids fair to increase in the future, for H.B.C. furs are famous in all parts of the States. Records show that this department has put on the largest percentage of increased volume, and this has been accomplished with the least selling and advertising expense of any department. In co-operation with Miss Pardo, Mr. Fisher has taken a particular interest in the fur sales.

JEWELLERY, NOTIONS, DRUGS

Mr. Atkinson reports brisk doings in the various departments under his supervision, both at Winnipeg and Saskatoon. During September he spent several weeks in the east, and prior to that was in Saskatoon. The jewellery, fancy goods and drug departments are all set for a record gift business.

RADIO

Radio has so taken a hold on the public of Winnipeg and vicinity that our music department for a while lost its identity and became almost entirely a meeting place for radio fans. Mr. Hughes, of this department, reports brisk trade in sets and parts. The firm participated in the big radio show that took place in September in the Royal Alexandra hotel. H.B.C. booth came in for many congratulatory remarks. The Company is agent for no less than ten of the better known producers. An attractive catalogue put out by Mr. Hughes' efforts has been found a great help in bringing business. In addition, each man in the department, through intensive study, has developed into an expert in radio, and H.B.C. radio service means something to radio folks in the city.

GENERAL NEWS

On the evening of Friday, October 9th, Rose Reading and Pearl Young entertained at a shower at the latter's home, in honour of Edith Mills, a bride-elect of November. Gifts were presented in an umbrella, prettily decorated with pink and white crepe, by little Madge Empey. Edith Mills has been a member of the store for many years. She left the Company's employment October 31st, and was the recipient of a silver cake plate, a silver casserole and six coffee spoons, from her co-workers. She was married at her home on November 21st to Mr. James Taylor. Her friends and associates of the store wish her every happiness in her married life.

On Wednesday, September 16th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, manager of our wallpaper department, was the scene of a gathering in honour of Mrs. Neil Ferguson, who left later to make her home in Toronto. The guest of the evening was given a beautiful purse and a gold piece, Mr. Pearen making the presentation. Whist was indulged in and the guest of the evening was lucky or skillful enough to gain first prize. Songs, games, and then refreshments, concluded a memorable evening. Mrs. Ferguson was connected with the store for many years as attendant in the employees' lunch room, and had made a wide circle of friends in the store.

A. McKenzie, one of the most popular male members of the Winnipeg store, took to himself a wife on October 14th. He has for years been in charge of the receiving room, and before leaving on a honeymoon, was asked to accept from his fellow workers a handsome silver tea service, a wall clock and a fern stand.

We extend congratulations to Leslie Jones on his promotion to advertising manager at Saskatoon. Before leaving Winnipeg, his friends in the store here presented his wife with a valuable ring. Mr. Jones was connected with the Winnipeg store in various capacities for about fourteen years, latterly as employment clerk and assistant to the merchandise manager. Mrs. Jones, before her marriage, served for several years in the store's bureau of adjustment.

While on the subject of promotions, let us extend a word of congratulation to J. P. McNichol, erstwhile advertising manager at Saskatoon, promoted to the Edmonton store in the same capacity last September. We wish him luck.

E. U. PUGSLEY

News came from Grand Rapids, Michigan, of the sudden death on October 30th of E. U. Pugsley, formerly advertising manager of the Winnipeg store. Mr. Pugsley was connected with Hudson's Bay Company for upwards of ten years.

In August 1921, he left the Company to take up the position of advertising manager with Powers Mercantile Company, of Rochester, New York. About two and a half years ago, Mr. Pugsley moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to take entire charge of publicity for Herpolsheimers Limited, a large departmental store of that city.

In 1921, Mr. Pugsley married Miss Della Bens, a member of the office staff of the Winnipeg store. He is survived by his wife and one child, Patricia, age three years.

The news came as a distinct shock to many of the old-timers in the store, who had worked and played alongside Mr. Pugsley in former times. A man of upright character and clean living, he had a host of friends in Winnipeg.

Through *The Beaver*, the deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Pugsley in her loss.

SPORTS

Basketball Club—The retail store has organized a girls' basketball club with Elsie Buhr as president, Dorothy Dampier and J. H. Pearen, vice-presidents, and Salome Thorbergson as secretary-treasurer. D. J. Baldwin is managing the team. Practices are held every Tuesday night at the Y.W.C.A. The team is rounding into shape fast. Leading girls' teams in the city will be challenged during the playing season. Much of the work in connection with the forming of the club was done by J. H. Pearen, and the members take this opportunity of thanking him for the interest he has shown in them.

Hudson's Bay Bowling Club—About twenty husky members of the staff meet at the Victoria bowling alleys every Monday night and enjoy an evening of activity. Some very good material is being discovered and things look promising for two teams entering the mercantile league next season.

* * *

"What was the text of the sermon?"
"He giveth his beloved sleep."
"Who were there?"
"All the beloved, apparently."

Winnipeg General

Thomas Peter has been appointed accountant at Lethbridge.

T. H. Nicholls, of the Land department, has been appointed assistant manager of the H.B.C.O.S. Ltd. in Winnipeg.

W. S. Lecky, secretary of the Canadian Committee, left for England on October 10th to visit London head office.

D. E. Robertson, accountant, Lethbridge retail store, has been promoted to Winnipeg head office, accounts branch.

Miss A. A. Ainge, of London, England, was appointed to the staff of the Executive department as from October 1st, 1925.

Conan R. Frayer, of the Executive department, has been transferred to the position of clerk in the Winnipeg office of the H.B.C.O.S. Ltd.

P. A. Chester has been appointed from 1st December, 1925, to succeed John Calder as chief accountant at the Winnipeg head office.

John Calder, chief accountant, Winnipeg head office, retired on November 30th, 1925, after fifty years service with the Company, having entered the service in 1875. A sketch of Mr. Calder's career with the Company, can be found in *The Beaver*, Vol. 1, No. 8, page 24.

LATE F. D. WILSON

A pioneer of northern Alberta and one of the oldest ex-employees of the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, in the person of Francis David Wilson, passed away suddenly on the night of November 2nd in First Presbyterian church, Edmonton, where he had been attending a meeting of the city government league.

Born at Newcastle, Ontario, in 1856, Mr. Wilson went to Alberta and joined the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1878, when he was 23 years old. For a time he worked in the old Fort Edmonton under Richard Hardisty. In 1889 he went to Fort Vermilion, where he was in charge of the H.B.C. post until 1912. In that year he was appointed to the position of district manager at James Bay, and remained there until his retirement from the service of the Company in 1918. Since then he has resided in Edmonton.

There are surviving a widow and one son, F. L. Wilson, and one daughter, Mrs. Hildreth, of Lincoln, Nebraska. Another son, who was in the employ of the Bank of Montreal before enlisting in the 138th battalion, was killed at Vimy.

Montreal Wholesale

We welcome back L. A. Graham, buyer of dry goods for the fur trade posts, who arrived safely in Montreal after making two trips to the north this summer; the first on the unfortunate *S.S. Bayeskimo*, from which he, with fellow passengers, was rescued by the *S.S. Nascopie*; and the other on the relief ship, *S.S. Peveril*.

F. C. GAUDET

We have to report the retirement of F. C. Gaudet, one of the Company's old and trusted servants. Mr. Gaudet spent over thirty years in the Peace river and McKenzie river districts and is well known throughout the west. He came to Montreal in 1917 and has assisted in the warehouse from that time until his retirement in August, this year. It is an interesting fact that the combined services of his father and himself total exactly one hundred years.

On the occasion of his retirement, H. H. Hodkisson, assistant manager of the St. Lawrence-Labrador district office, presented to him a cabinet of cutlery as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by the combined staffs of the St. Lawrence-Labrador district and the Montreal wholesale department, all of whom hope that Mr. Gaudet may be spared for many years to enjoy his well earned rest.

Land Department

Christmas will soon be here again, ever welcome with its abundance of good will, joyousness and happy reunions. Another year has nearly passed away, a year of importance and significance for all associated with affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. The expansion of the Company's interests in London and Canada, involving large capital expenditures, is tangible evidence of its progressive spirit.

By reason of this aggressive policy, a happy stimulus has been given to the desire for better things, increased efficiency, closer co-operation and a solid *esprit de corps*. The new programme of development has been decided upon at a most opportune time, when an abundant harvest is being gathered. We can all look forward with confidence to improved conditions in Western Canada. Contentment amongst agriculturists means better business in towns and cities.

The members of the land department send greetings to all our associates in the service of this great Company throughout the Dominion and in the Old Land. We say, "Let us continue to move forward and endeavour to emulate the deeds of those hardy pioneers who have served so faithfully and well The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," and to add, "Heartiest Christmas and new year wishes."

H. F. HARMAN,
Land Commissioner.

EDUCATIONAL COURSES IN REAL ESTATE

Within the past five years, through organized efforts of realtors in Canada and the United States of America, the business of dealing in real estate is approaching more and more a professional plane. Courses in real estate have been established by some of the leading universities, and text books have been prepared dealing with every branch of real estate activities. The Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange has not been behind in this respect and is doing its part towards encouraging this educational movement through its membership in the National Association of Real Estate Boards. In addition to this, the Winnipeg exchange has inaugurated a course of lectures in real estate to be held during the winter months for the benefit of exchange members and their employees. The lectures will be held at Manitoba University. These lectures and courses are available for members of the Land department staff. Last winter several members of our staff took advantage of this opportunity to learn more about the real estate profession. This winter fourteen members have enrolled, signifying their intention of attending the course of lectures now being arranged. The practice of the real estate profession under present conditions calls for highly specialized knowledge, and these classes and lectures will no doubt prove beneficial and useful to those attending same.

The Hudson's Bay Company holds a membership in the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange. Mr. H. F. Harman, land commissioner, is first vice-president of the exchange for 1925. Applications for the privilege of attending the lectures may still be entertained.

CONCERT PARTY

At the time of going to press, A. E. Bridgewater informs us that the Concert Party has organized for the coming season and has been successful in securing some new members from other departments. The play this time is written by A.E.B. himself and is quite original. The caste includes: Miss E. Brown (Wholesale), Miss D. Cooke (Land), Mrs. W. Everitt, Miss L. Fraser (Fur), Miss H. Griffiths (Land), Miss M. L. Ross (Fur), Miss I. R. Sinclair (Land), Miss D. V. Wainwright (Fur), Mr. A. E. Bridgewater (Land), Mr. W. Everitt (Land), Mr. B. A. Everitt (Land), Mr. Nelson McBride (Accounting), and Mr. Charles Miller (Land), stage manager. We trust that everyone will support the Concert Party's musical offering when it is made sometime in January. The play has a touch of comedy, mystery, drama and music and will no doubt meet the tastes of those who lend it their patronage. The members are working very hard on it. Let's give them a boost! Oh, by the way, the name of the forthcoming production is "The Great Ruby."

The sympathy of all members of the staff is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, whose daughter, Alice May Sawyer, passed away on November 4th, after a very brief illness.

Miss "Jimmy" Arkless and Miss Mary Burnett have resigned from the staff of the Land department. On their departure they were each presented with a small token of the esteem in which their co-workers held them.

CURLING

The Land department is again to start their games. It was suggested that we carry on as last year with a four-rink league. It is regretted, however, that the Hudson's Bay Company could not secure ice anywhere in the city for eight o'clock in the evenings, when a twelve- or fourteen-rink league would have been a "battle royal."

COMIC SECTION

If we, as ordinary individuals, were to give you an orange, we would simply say, "We give you this orange," wouldn't we? But if we were, say, Mr. MacDougall, we would adopt this written form: "We hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, our estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantage of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away with or without the rind, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind so ever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

Fur Trade

To all members of the Hudson's Bay Company's staff wherever situated, I extend heartiest greetings and best wishes for the coming year.

A. BRABANT,
Fur Trade Commissioner.

Winnipeg

WHERE GO YE ALL?

Where go ye all, ye pattering feet,
Ahurrying past on the wintry street?
As "ships that pass in the night", ye go—
Some light and swift, some heavy and slow;
Some with the hope of youth made fast;
Some as if youth aside were cast.
Some, skipping down at the break of day,
Come slowly back on their homeward way.
Some seem as if they never care
If the day be dark, or the day be fair.
And some there are so weary and tired;
And some go by like souls inspired.
And some there are whose feet do drag;
And some there are who never flag.
Where go ye all, ye pattering feet,
Ahurrying past on the wintry street?

—*Marcile (Fur Trade)*

R. Miller, of Fort Brabant, visited Winnipeg.

Apprentice Clerk "Billy" Henry visited Winnipeg in August.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Harding August 13th.

November 14th, Commissioner A. Brabant and Hugh Conn sailed for England.

November 16th, C. H. French, of British Columbia district, visited Winnipeg.

W. R. Mitchell, of Chesterfield, arrived in Winnipeg August 28th, together with N. R. Snow, John Harris and H. E. Weller.

October 31st, J. D. MacKenzie, of Lake Superior district, paid the Winnipeg office a visit.

September 9th, A. P. W. Clarke, of Fort Vermilion; F. W. Beatton, of Fort St. John; and J. F. Seguin, of Green Lake, visited head office.

Geo. R. Ray, of James Bay district, visited in Winnipeg early in October, and J. S. Mooney, J. A. Cargill and L. Yelland arrived later in the same month.

October 5th, A. Brabant, fur trade commissioner, and Hugh Conn, general inspector, returned from their trip to Western Arctic. Captain Mack followed them on October 8th.

October 28th, L. Romanet, of Mackenzie River and Athabasca district, arrived in Winnipeg en route to London, to which point he was accompanied by Capt. Mack.

Lake Huron District

New Post at the southern extremity of James Bay district has been transferred to Lake Huron district, and is being moved to the line at Island Falls Junction on the T. & N. O. extension. An outpost will also be opened at mileage 68, end of steel.

The district manager, J. J. Barker, visited New Post, the new acquisition to Lake Huron district, during the month of October, and reports encountering ice in the Abitibi river at that early date.

Get It Done

When you get a job to do,
    Get it done.
'Tis for you to see it through;
    Get it done.
It is useless raising Cain.
You may have a lazy strain,
But just strive with might and main;
    Get it done.

Though it's not your special work,
    Get it done.
You were hired, so do not shirk;
    Get it done.
Maybe it is hard to do,
It may be a test for you;
Maybe eyes are watching you;
    Get it done.

'Tis the man who says, "I will,"
    Gets it done;
Not the one who whines his fill
    Gets it done.
'Tis the man who has the grit
To get down and tackle it;
'Tis the man who'll never quit
    Gets it done.

—*W. A. Taylor, Fort Nelson.*

D. H. Learmonth, former manager at Woswonaby, is now in charge of Barriere. Fred McLeod, for a number of years in charge of Mistassinny, has been placed in charge of Woswonaby.

J. W. Anderson has taken charge of Ogoki post, replacing S. R. Iserhoff, retired, who has moved out to Pagwa river and is at present acting as caretaker of Pagwa transport buildings at that point.

Fred McLeod is expected out from Woswonaby on furlough at an early date and will return to his post after freeze-up.

You've Seen Some

Another craze and pastime has bitten hundreds of old Ford owners. Every day one sees hundreds of cars plastered up with bright sayings.

"Emergency car—creates the emergency."
"Ophelia Bumps."
"If our top's down, go on over."
"My kingdom for a horse."
"My crossword puzzle."
"A rum-runner."
"I can't afford to can my Ford."
"If I put it in the movies it would go."
"Why go to Reno to shake her?"
"You're a better car than I am, Hunka Tin."
"It ain't gonna run no mo'."
"Dodge, brothers."
"Oh, for a Ford! Owe and Owe and Owe!"
"One more payment and the old baby's mine."
"Let the rest of the world go by."
"Why buy baby a rattle?"
"The Chatterbox."
"Galloping Fish."
"Chicken, here's your coupe."
"Rolls-oats."
"Danger! 20,000 jolts."
"Vertical four."
"Struggle buggy."
"Baby Lincoln."
"The Uncovered Wagon."
"Little Bo-Creep."
"Honest weight—no springs."
"Why girls walk home."
"Dis squeals."
"Mah Junk."
"Pray as you enter."
"There is beauty in every jar."
"The tin you love to touch."
"Four wheels and no brakes."
"Sound value—don't you hear it?"
"Don't scratch my back."
"It's Ben Hur's—now it's mine."

And here is one which would do for the front of any car. Paste this one on your windshield:

"Howdy! half the road is yours."

Highland Memories

When Arctic nights are six weeks long
And darkness crowds on daybreak's song—
That hour of eve' when memories roam,
When truant heart speeds o'er the foam,
Recalling scenes that dim the eye
Yet exile cheers 'neath alien sky,

O'er heather hills "thy rich perfume
With fragrance seem to fill the room."
I watch the moor cock wing their way
When Phoebus tells the dawning day.

From clover meadow deep in bloom,
With honey-laden bees ahum,
Soars crested lark on dewy wing
With melody to greet the spring.

The hawthorn blooms beyond the brae,
And bluebells strew the mossy way;
The sable burn meanders through
On journey to the ocean blue.

To hoary Coolin's peaks so high
That tower above all hills of Skye,
The golden eagle wings her flight,
Her eyrie Scuir-na-Gillan heights.

The royal stag, his challenge flung
Resounds from craig to craig along;
Roused from her lair in bracken fen
The startled doe bounds up the glen.

O, hills of Skye! what memories cling
Around your shady dells so green!
How swiftly sped the blithesome hours
For youthful lovers 'mong your bowers!

Your ancient caves, so rich in lore,
Where clansmen gathered by the score
With targe and claymore gleaming bright
When fiery cross lit up the night.

How oft my hurrying footsteps led
Me to explore, at tide's low ebb,
With many a qualm lest I be lost,
Where vanished were the Highland Host.

Whom bold Prince Charlie led to fight
For Scotland's cause and Scotland's right;
Their blood stream stained the heather red;
Culloden's field lay heaped with dead.

The Pibroch's low lamenting lay
Comes stealing softly o'er the bay,
Where Flora's tears bedewed the strand
When knaves betrayed the loyal band.

Yon craft, with Crolin's light astern
Comes speeding home 'fore threatening storm,
Laden with harvest from the sea,
Finds haven 'neath the Castle's lee.

No more I sleep on highland hills,
Or hear again their mountain rills;
But nightly thanks to Heaven I raise
For memories such of bygone days.
—*F. G. Campbell, Lake Superior District.*

Odyssey of Weymontachingue

Some people find life dull, and when asked for something for *The Beaver* say they have nothing to write about. I myself have found many unusual things and have had the most interesting conversations in the most ordinary places. For instance, I have just come back from a trip up the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on Company's business, and in my journeyings had many interesting conversations and experiences.

From Quebec I went by boat to Natashquan, a trip taking several days. At Natashquan I had to wait four days before the wind and fog permitted me to proceed by mail boat to my next stop. Natashquan is peopled by Arcadians who earn their living by fishing. The cod were running and everyone was busy. There is no hotel there, but I got a room and meals in a quaint cottage. Everything was spotlessly clean and there were many religious ornaments on the walls. Over my bed was framed a silver handle taken from the coffin of my hostess' deceased father. On the morning of the third day of my stay, about two a.m., I awoke with a start to find a dim figure at my bedside. My first fear was that the corpse had come to claim his coffin handle, and I beseeched him in abject tones to take the thing and be gone; but it was only the captain of the mail boat to tell me to come aboard right away as they were starting.

At my destination was a little church and the inevitable cemetery to remind us that life is fleeting. As the little village had not many places of interest, I was taken on my first Sunday to visit the cemetery and read the inscriptions on the tomb stones. One grave, that of a child, had a rough cross at the head, on which was carved the name of the child with the remark, "Died March 15th, 1926." That is the first time I have seen the grave of someone who died next year. It was either that or else they must run on advanced time.

At Natashquan I met a government astronomer, Mr. Madill, who, it came out, had been all through Isle la Crosse, Reindeer Lake, Pelican Narrows, and Cumberland House, my old stamping grounds. He gave me news of Dell Simons, and H. M. S. Cotter. We talked of *The Beaver* and he told me that certain little things I had written, such as "Who Was Ananias?" had raised a great deal of speculation amongst these old friends as to who was the perpetrator. It was interesting to tell Mr. Madill that he was then talking to the guilty person. The world is small.

I could tell of rowing out a thirty-foot fishing boat three miles—because the gasoline engine would not function—to meet the *S.S. North Shore*, and waiting from 2.30 until 6.30 in the morning wondering whether the boat had passed or not. Suffice to say she was a welcome sight when she began to loom up. On board was the usual crowd: fur traders, venturous travellers, several priests, and Archdeacon Scott who was bringing out a young missionary for a holiday trip home. This young man had been ministering to a few scattered fishing hamlets on the coast opposite Newfoundland, and had not seen even a horse for two years. How he will enjoy his brief holiday in England, with its perpetually green fields and sweet little miniature farms!

On board there was no conventionality of waiting for introductions; all chatted happily together. Fog and rough weather made us anchor for twenty-four hours in a sheltered spot, and the genial captain was compelled to retire to his cabin to avoid the queries as to when we could continue and for what we were stopping, from American magnates who were anxious, after a few weeks' fishing, to acquire another railroad, corner wheat or take a flutter in something. We were pointed out where a railroad had been surveyed, but not yet built. Someone got a Montreal *Star*, in which I read of the loss of *The Bayeskimo*. It seemed an especial disaster to me, as I knew of the extra hours of work so many of the Montreal staff had put in preparing for her departure. All this work for nothing.

A night and we were safe at Quebec; a night on the train, where a gentleman from across the border told us of all the doings of his "secret" society, which had held a convention in Quebec, and we were in Montreal once more.

Rupert's House Post

On July 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. C. Watt, a son, Patrick Hugo.

Onion Lake

To Ye Editour of ye *Beaverre*, Wynnepegge.

MOTTOE FOR YE NEWE YEARRE

"There neverre were lippes
Soe curved with paine
That they couldn't be kyssed
Intoe smiles againne."

(*Chaucer, Circum. 1444*)

—*Alex Seymour.*

'Ware Wolf!

One day, when tramping out alone
To see my various traps
Which I had set to catch some lynx,
Or prowling fox, perhaps,
While trudging through the forest wilds,
I heard a fearsome sound—
The howling of some hungry wolves—
Which made my heart rebound.

And then I cursed my foolishness;
For I had left my gun
At home; so forthwith turned my course
And for the shack did run.
Their cries came nearer, nearer still;
The brutes were on my trail;
I looked round for a friendly tree,
Which quickly I did scale.

And hardly did I safety reach,
When wolves came swarming round;
They hideously yelped their rage,
And made the woods resound.
An hour or more they kept this up;
Then one old wolf arose,
And, with a long and quavering howl,
His head up high he throws.

And off he goes with wolfish lope,
And sets his brothers' pace;
While after him the others run
As if they ran a race.
But one great beast remained behind—
No gaunter brute could be—
He nearer came and squatted down
Right underneath that tree.

By now my limbs were growing cold;
So I pulled out my knife,
And yelled, "You fiend, I'll show you how
A Scotsman fights for life."
"The deer have heard your ringing cries,
And felt your slashing teeth;
But, faith, you'll sing another song,
When life through wounds do seethe."

But first I looked both far and near,
To see what I could see,
And fondly thought of our dear home
Far, far across the sea.
In consternation, I beheld
That awful pack again,
All walking slow, and in their midst
What gave my spirit pain.

Now, sister dear, of fairy tales
You know I am no weaver:
But that confounded, wolfish pack
Were marching up two beaver.
Which promptly started in to work,
And gnawed around the tree;
While gruesome thoughts harassed my [mind
Of what my fate would be.

Ten great, grey wolves; their lolling [tongues
A mass of slavering spittle,
Their gleaming eyes all fixed on me,
An appetising victual.

Meanwhile the beaver kept at work,
And now the tree did quiver;
I thought of my impending fate,
Which sent through me a shiver.

Like drowning wight who clutches straw,
I uttered shout on shout;
Perchance some hardy trapper might
Be wandering about.
An answering hail was wafted back;
Three rifle shots rang out,
Which sent that ravenous bunch of [beasts
In hasty flight and rout.

—*William Clark, Fort Good Hope.*

"If"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

"If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing;
Play without giving play too strong a hold;
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing;
Care for the weak, the friendless and the the old;
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer;
Can do a man's work when the need occurs;
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer;
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;
If you can make good bread as well as fudges;
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must;
If sometime you should meet and love another,
And make a home with peace and faith enshrined,
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
You'll work out, pretty nearly to my mind,
The plan that's been developed through the ages,
And win the best that life can have in store.
You'll be my girl, a model for the sages,
A woman whom the world will bow before."

(*The above selected poem has been sent in by one of our fur traders. Don't all speak at once, ladies.—Editor.*)

Get This FREE Book

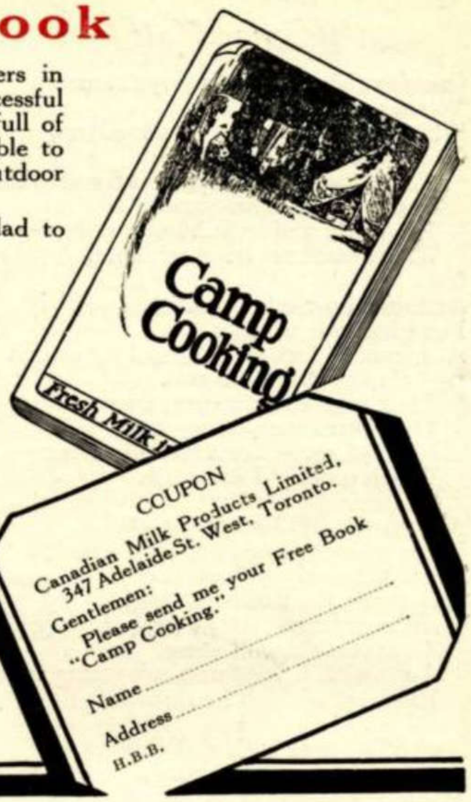
Here is a book written by well-known writers in which they tell in breezy style their most successful Camp Cooking recipes. Each page is packed full of useful hints and information which is invaluable to Campers, Hunters and all those who have outdoor cooking to do.

Fill in the attached coupon and we will be glad to mail it to you.

Klim Powdered Whole Milk is full cream, dairy milk with only the water removed, which, when replaced, makes liquid milk again. Klim comes in convenient, handy tins and is invaluable for infants, children, cooking and for all general purposes where fresh, full cream milk is used.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED
347 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

KLIM
BRAND
POWDERED WHOLE MILK



COUPON
Canadian Milk Products Limited,
347 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.
Gentlemen:
Please send me your Free Book "Camp Cooking."
Name ....
Address ....
H.B.B.

The Event of the Season

Big Joint Social Gathering

Of H.B.C. (Winnipeg) Employees and Friends in

Fort Garry Hotel

December 8th, 1925

At 8 p.m.

Dancing and Whist **Blackett's Orchestra**

ACCOMMODATION LIMITED GET YOUR TICKETS EARLY

4 DAYS OPEN SEA BY **CANADIAN PACIFIC**

TO EUROPE

FREQUENT SAILINGS FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

SAIL from Montreal or Quebec and see Old French Canada along the sheltered St. Lawrence. A taste of old-world charm that puts you in the right mood.

The magnificent Canadian Pacific "Empresses" and the well-appointed monoclass (*one-class*) cabin ships provide luxury and comfort for those travelling to Europe.

For further information, apply local agents or W. C. CASEY, Allan, Killam and McKay Building, 364 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Every day our ships are steaming across two oceans

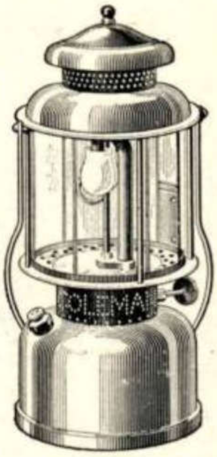
CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

Coleman Quick-Lite
Lamps and Lanterns

Are easy to sell, because—
They make satisfied customers,
Are well and favorably known,
Are nationally advertised,
Are made by a reliable company.

Other easy sellers are

Coleman
Camp Stoves
Self-Heating Irons
Safety Filling Cans
Quick-Fill Tire Pumps



MANUFACTURED BY

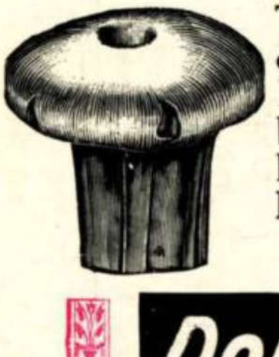
THE COLEMAN LAMP CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

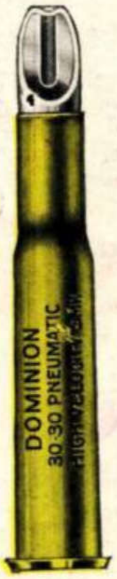
Shocking Power

HUNTERS today want a cartridge with more punch—a bullet that will stop game dead.

The Dominion Pneumatic bullet meets this demand. It makes clean kills a certainty. This is the only mush-room bullet with an entirely covered surface of non-fouling metal. It travels faster than the regular bullet, cannot become damaged in the magazine, and hits like the "hammer of Thor." Now loaded in Dominion 30-30 and 8 m/m cartridges.

DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY





Dominion Ammunition
ALWAYS DEPENDABLE